

Children's Newspaper

Have You Seen
My Magazine?

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Three-halfpence—Every Friday

SCHOOL BATTALIONS FOR WAR CAMPS

SHEFFIELD SHOWS THE WAY

HOW TO BUILD A NATION ON THE WAR RUINS

The Wise Man Who Can Beat the Disposals Board

SHEFFIELD SCHOOL CAMP

Yorkshire for brains and beauty! The great smoke-tinted, workaday city of Sheffield has just decided to do two of the finest things anyone has heard of lately.

It has solved the puzzle of what to do with a big batch of waste war material, and shown how to settle the vexed question of school journeys.

Outside the part of the city that is built on, but within its wide boundaries, high on the hills about a thousand feet above the sea, a war camp was laid out.

Too Brave to Live

To it were sent for training the very pick of the city's sons, who had volunteered early, comrades and friends forming their own City Battalion, as it was proudly called. A finer regiment never went to the wars. Alas, it was flung at one of the strongest parts of the German line, and was too brave to live.

And there, on the heights, stands the empty camp where those fine lads once trained—its huts, its storehouses, its quarters, and offices of all kinds, now useless, and the Disposals Board, which manages these things, wondering what on earth to do with them, except pull them down and sell the ruins.

But they have brains in Sheffield that can beat the war brains all the time, and it occurred to one of their wise men: Why should not the city buy this place of fine and sacred memories, prevent the waste, use the camp as it stands, and send out to it, instead of battalions of soldiers, whole schools of children, in the summer months, to grow strong in the bracing air?

The Sheffield Battalion

And the Education Committee has been wise enough to say, "Why not indeed! What a splendid plan!"

The idea is that whole schools shall go out at once as schools, 800 children at a time, for a month, with their teachers—a regular school battalion—and be fed, lodged, and taught on that breezy height, a glorious holiday, mixed with education.

Can you not see them marching back at the end of the month, brown and hard, well fed and happy, their minds and hearts full of the change that has made them strong, and bringing memories that will be a joy to them throughout their lives?

The Director of Education, who has planned this school campaign, expects to take 5000 children out for a month, and to show how they can be fed and taught and trained and made happy, as children should be in a perfect land. It is not a dream. It is a fact coming true.

The Life-belt of the Flying-Man



The development of airships for science, commerce, and mails, will lead to the wide use of the parachute, which enables a man to land without bringing down the ship. Here a parachutist is jumping out of a surveying balloon. In a moment the parachute, shown in its casing on the right of the car, will open and carry him gently down to earth.

HOW A MAN JUMPS TO THE EARTH

THE parachute may be described as the life-belt of the air, and it is more than likely that all aircraft will in future be compelled to carry sufficient parachutes to ensure the safety of all passengers, just as ships now have to carry life-belts.

Thousands of lives were saved during the war by their use, for each occupant of an observation balloon had his parachute, and observation balloons were extremely vulnerable to attack by enemy aeroplanes.

Very often the first indication to those below that a balloon had been attacked would be two human figures hurtling through the air for a hundred feet or so, then the opening of a huge white umbrella-like object, followed by a gentle, swinging sail to earth. Some seconds later the balloon above would

be seen to burst into flame and fall to earth, leaving behind a trail of black smoke. Meanwhile the enemy aeroplane would be almost out of sight, and the balloon observers would have safely reached the ground. By means of a quick-release pin they were able to detach themselves from the parachute, and so save themselves from being dragged along the ground by the wind, possibly to receive severe injuries.

That was the use of the parachute in war, but its uses in peace are likely to be many. It will save lives, and time as well, for it will not be necessary for airships to land in order to deliver mails.

Neither is the utility of the observation balloon confined to war, for these balloons will, undoubtedly, be used as guides above the clouds on the great aerial trade routes of the future.

BRITISH VICTORY IN FRANCE

FOOTBALL CAPTURES THE FRENCH ARMY

The Love of Play That Makes Up Character

NATIONAL GAME TAKEN OVER

There has been a remarkable British victory in France. The French Government, impressed by the fine effects of football on the British army, has officially adopted the game as part of the physical training of the French army. In future it is to be as much a part of the French system of army training as drill and the use of weapons.

There is probably no other instance of one nation taking over, wholesale, the game of another nation. Usually games creep in gradually, and make their way by pleasing first one small group of people and then another. Golf came in that way from Scotland, and skiing has spread in that way from Norway to countries where there is always snow in winter; but the capture of a whole people by a game, all at once, is unique.

True Spirit of Play

Swedish drill came to England, and was used in our army in much the same way as football has gone to France. But Swedish drill is not a game: it is an exercise.

The only doubt raised by the French use of football is whether our Allies are accepting it as a game or as an exercise. With us it is a game, played because those who play want to play, and for no other reason. It is played because it is liked. Wherever a British regiment rested for a few hours in France footballs were produced and the game began.

Unless the French use the game in that spirit its charm will be gone, and it will sink into a form of drill. Hitherto the British race, all the world over, has been the only race that has loved play so well that it has organised it without orders. Football, cricket, golf, tennis, hockey, bowls, are everywhere through British love of play.

Have the French really caught that love from us? We hope so, for organised games are a splendid training in other ways than the strengthening of the body: they make fair-minded men.

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD

Enormous Saving

A new process has been discovered for turning old electric lamps into new, and thousands of worn-out lamps are being given a fresh lease of life.

The metal filament lamps we use to-day are generally supposed to burn for a thousand hours, but sometimes the filament breaks through a shock to the bulb. When a lamp is renewed it is opened out at the "pip," a new filament is mounted inside, the air is exhausted, and the glass is again closed up.

It is a very wonderful process indeed.

NEW WORLD'S GIFT TO THE OLD WORLD

Smuggling 70,000 Seeds
to Kew

RUBBER FORESTS GROWN IN ENGLAND

There is an exhibition of sixty tree trunks at the Imperial College of Science in South Kensington; a curiously dry exhibition, on the surface, to which probably only experts will go.

But, in reality, it is full of wonder and suggestion. It is a display of rubber trees, which have been brought from the East to show how disease has attacked the great plantations of Ceylon and Malay. And it has a moral, which is that man has pushed nature aside, made himself the foster parent of these trees, and brought about conditions which he is at present unable to control.

When rubber trees and vines first began to evolve, they were threatened with extinction because wood-boring beetles ate into them and caused wounds which a fungus penetrated, setting up dry rot. So the trees slowly produced a syrupy sap which is the raw material of what we call rubber.

New World Guards Its Rubber

It was bitter and unpleasant to the beetles, and it kept them off, and had the further advantage that, in the case of injury to the bark, the sap closed the wound as rubber solution seals a puncture in a bicycle tyre.

All the rubber of the world was confined to America until Columbus made his great discovery of the New World. It remained the monopoly of warm South American lands until late in the nineteenth century, when Mr. H. A. Wickham went to Brazil to collect seeds of Para rubber trees for planting elsewhere.

The trees were jealously guarded, but Mr. Wickham went silently about his business as a quiet, dreamy botanist, and amid great difficulty and danger he got together 70,000 of the precious seeds, capable of producing a forest.

He smuggled them on board a steamer, with other things, as botanical specimens for Kew Gardens.

Forest in a Hansom Cab

But the seeds would not keep; they could not stand so long a journey as that from Brazil to India, and so they had verily to be taken to Kew. They arrived there late one night in a hansom cab.

A staff had been kept to work all night, and might and main they worked, planting the seeds in the forcing-houses. Within a fortnight, 1700 tiny rubber plants were showing their heads above the soil, the first ever grown beyond the borders of the New World. As they grew up they were packed in miniature hot-houses and shipped out to Ceylon and Malaya, where they have now grown into vast plantations, yielding untold quantities of rubber.

We tap the trees and drain away the rubber, and then in springs the destructive fungus. Without its sap the tree is defenceless. What we have to do is to evolve something equally effective to take its place.

What would the world do today without the rubber from these seeds?

THE ISLAND CONTINENT First Men to Cross Australia

The Prince of Wales is on his way to Australia, and when he lands on the island continent he will be in one of the most romantic countries of the world.

The thrilling story of the first men who crossed the vast silent continent is told in My Magazine for April, and the tale of how these brave and lonely men risked their lives to make a pathway through Australia should give us all a thrill of pride.

My Magazine, which can be bought with the C.N. at any bookstall, is full of splendid articles and beautiful pictures.

America and the Peace of the World

SENATE REJECTS THE TREATY OF PARIS

A Hundred Million People and Their
Great Place in the World's Affairs

HEART OF THE NATION SOUND FOR THE LEAGUE

BY OUR POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT

After long and embittered discussion the American Senate has not sanctioned the Treaty of Peace which President Wilson solemnly signed on behalf of his country; and with this refusal to accept the Treaty made on their behalf by their properly chosen ruler has also gone the refusal to take part in the establishment of the League of Nations, the most hopeful institution ever conceived by mankind for making an end of war.

Well may the world be amazed at this unparalleled failure, for the League of Nations, which made the Treaty of Peace possible by promising a fair second judgment on whatever was proved to be unjust in it, was the most splendid act of statesmanship America has ever helped to frame, and, in a large degree, it was the work of her President. Praise of it has rung round the world.

America's Great Moment

Never had America stood so high in the esteem of all mankind as when, after joining of her own free will in the defence of human freedom, she took the leading part in drawing up the terms of a most difficult immediate peace between many nations, and then, better still, in arranging for a great international tribunal that should judge fairly between country and country in the future, and make wars, if they ever again occurred, a revolt against the common conscience of the civilised world.

It was America's great moment in the history of the world. The best men on the earth saluted the great Republic with something like reverence.

And now her Senate, composed chiefly of men who took no part in the war, or the peace, or the formation of the League that is the world's great hope, has gone back on it all, disowned it, and thrust it aside. How has the change come about?

The Nation's Moral Force

The first defence of the American nation for leaving the greatest of all good causes in the lurch is that the Senate does not represent the opinion of the American people as a whole.

There is no sign anywhere that America has given up her position as one of the greatest moral forces in the world, and has washed her hands of the affairs of all the human race outside her borders. On the other hand, there are clear indications that whatever is best in American character grieves over the failure of the Senate to express the profound convictions of the great majority of the American people.

The world at large does not accept the decisions of the American Senate as the decisions of the nation. To do so would be a cruel wrong to a high-minded people, to whom mankind has looked confidently for support of all that promises well for the future happiness and moral elevation of humanity.

We believe that America still responds, freely and gladly, to the most splendid impulses which fire men's souls. We cannot attribute faithlessness to the great American people.

How, then, can the decisions of the American Senate be accounted for?

It must be borne in mind that one of the strongest traditions of American

politics has been that the country should keep clear of all foreign entanglements and alliances, and that tradition the Senate, as the most conservative power in the Republic, feels itself called upon to guard.

The Treaty of Peace now calls upon America to accept responsibilities as a World Power; and the League of Nations makes the same demand for the future. From these responsibilities the Senate hangs back. It searches for reasons why it should hang back.

The World Made One

It will not admit what all the rest of the world sees clearly—that is, *that no great nation can isolate itself*. The world is made one, for good or ill, by all the growing knowledge that knits it hourly together, by sea and air. All the material resources of trade and manufacture, all the illumination that flashes on men's minds, all the moral and religious impulses that uplift the soul, defy the restrictions that would cause a nation to live for itself alone. Yet that is what the Senate has tried to do. It has looked at world affairs from a purely American point of view, for strictly American reasons. It is said that France and Italy have not learned the lesson of the war, but, then, the American Senate certainly has not.

Small Influences in Great Events

For instance, jealousy of President Wilson, by men who have been his opponents at home, and by some who have been his supporters, has been active. The old, old jealousy of Great Britain, her wide-flung empire and her naval strength, and suspicion of her motives have been kept alive. The coming Presidential election next November, with its appeal to party prejudices, has warped many minds; and what is small and local and temporary has obscured what is of far-reaching importance both in world space and in time.

For the present these smaller influences have prevailed. What, then, is left for the nations who have been deserted to do? They can still go on, without America, though not so well, to complete the Peace and firmly establish a League of Nations. And they can await with patience the time when that great nation will declare its true view of its place in the world, and the part it is willing to play in the great drama of human progress.

J. D.

SCHOOL JOURNEYS

Educational Treats in Store

We are glad to see that the question of the cost of school journeys is being dealt with.

The London County Council has decided to allow 200 school journeys free, in one year, as part of the education of the children chosen to travel.

Though 200 journeys, spread over the London schools, are like a drop in a bucket, they will be a splendid prize for the schools or classes that deserve them.

As £13,000 is to be spent on these journeys, the average cost of each journey is £65. That is a sum which will take a large number of children a short distance or a small number a long distance.

CHILDREN'S FUND

C.N. CHILDREN FEEDING THE LITTLE ONES

200,000 Dinners for Vienna
MORE SCHOOL COLLECTIONS

Every day comes the response to our appeal for the starving children of Vienna, and once more the Editor expresses his great appreciation of the generous response to his appeal.

Nothing nobler on earth can we do with a shilling now than to snatch from hunger and death some innocent child, and it is pleasant to see that so many happy school children are making collections for our fund.

The total number of shillings received as we go to press is 64,430. It is enough to supply 200,000 good meals to hungry children.

All subscriptions are acknowledged direct by post, and all further subscriptions should be sent to

C.N. Appeal,

Save the Children Fund,
26, Golden Sq., Regent St., London, W.

We gladly print below a further list of schools and churches which have taken collections.

SCHOOL AND OTHER COLLECTIONS

	Shillings
M. Vyle, Collection at Thrapston	363
Wadham Baptist Sch., Weston-super-Mare 204	
Collection, Ramsey Palace, Isle of Man	125
Village of Luddington	117
The Salt Schools, Shipley	100
St. John's Moravian Church, East Ham	98
City Women's Club, E.C. 4	74
Collection at Post Office, Moseley	65
Staff and Pupils, Failsforth School	60
Beacon School, Crowborough	54
School Collection, Taylorstown	48
Waterloo Infants' School, Oldham	45
Collection in Boys' Chapel, Bisley School	42
St. Matthew's School, Yiewsley	41
Brinsop School, Hereford	40
Methodist Children's School, Carlton	36
Colden Council School, Helden Bridge	36
Miss Ward, Collection at Monkstown	26
Wakley Senior School, Sheffield	26
Std. V., Tucton Road School, Southall	25
Collection at Allerton, Leeds	25
Winchmore Ccl. School, Winchmore Hill	25
Pear Tree Girls' School, Derby	24
Milnsbridge L.C.C. School, Huddersfield	24
Arnat Street School, Walton	24
Wesleyan Sunday School, Verwood, Dorset	20
United Methodist Band of Hope, Hanham	20
Rheulas Council School, Carnarvon	20
Girls of Class VI., The Convent, Ilford	16
Std. V., Boys' Council School, Cottingham	15
Ruslock School, Droitwich	14
Hill Crest School, Brighton	10
A few Salvationists, Nunhead	10
C. of E. School, Rainhill	10
St. Andrew's School, Birkenhead	10
Castle Hill School, Edinburgh	10
Wealdstone High St. Girls' School, Harrow	10
National Children's Home, Harpenden	10

And the following: Sunday School Collection, Ibstock; Woodchurch Road L.C.C. School, Birkenhead; Butterleigh School, Devon; Collection at Thane, Oxon; Oxford Grove L.C.C. School, Bolton; R. Baldwin, Boys' Department, E. 2; a Mothers' Collection, Stratford; Marazion School, Cornwall; Dennington School, near Rotherham; Worms-hall School, Sittingbourne; School House, Woodbridge; Temple Grafton School, Alcester; a Few School Children, Hensworth; Buckingham St. Girls' School, Hull; School House, Colmer; Somerville School, Aberystwyth; National Children's Home, Branhope.

IN THE AUCTION ROOMS

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

A 13th century MS.	£5700
A 12th century MS.	£5000
The MS. of a Shelley poem	£3250
Eight Chippendale chairs	£1260
Shelley's copy of "Queen Mab"	£1200
A six-leaved Swinburne MS.	£170
A four-post bedstead	£130

Pronunciations in this Paper

Boileau	Bwah-lo
Procyon	Pro-see-on
Siemkiewicz	Shen-kay-vich

A LONDON INTERIOR

By Our Country Girl in Town

We have written to each other ever since we were quite little, but I had never seen the place to which I addressed hundreds of letters till I was grown up and came to seek my fortune in London. It was the Crutch and Kindness League of the Shaftesbury Society that introduced us.

This is my friend's history. Ten years ago a man brought his wife and four children to London because he could get no work in the country.

Slave of the Home

For a year he tramped the streets till his boots were in tatters and his heart was like lead. The children drooped. The youngest became consumptive, and the poor man had to take the sobbing, clinging child away to a "home." Soon the other two followed. Then the little girl, who has double curvature of the spine, was given a holiday at a sea-side Cripples' Home, and her return excited the poor man so much that he lost his reason, and died in an asylum.

For ten years the mother has scrubbed and slaved for the few miserable shillings that kept her last child at home. In the child's letters there was only one complaint against her crippledness—that she could not go out to work and spare her mother.

The Cheerful Poor

But the boys grew older. In a few years they would leave the institution and start earning. They would all be together again; how splendid! And then the War came, and the eldest boy went to fight for his country.

Meanwhile, the crippled girl, having served a long apprenticeship to dress-making, found the work too heavy and the pay too cruelly small. She had to give in, and become apprenticed to a lighter trade.

I dreaded the lot of visiting so much misery, but when I squeezed into the tiny room I found myself in the brightest home I have ever seen. The whole family was there, full of smiles, with a cordial welcome that did not overstep the limits of dignity. Poverty had marred their bodies without embittering their minds.

In each of the three rooms the furniture and windows were polished, the curtains fresh, and everything so clean and self-respecting that it almost seemed as if it were prosperous.

Their Greatest Day

They showed me how the sitting-room became a bedroom at night, the mother sleeping on a couch, the crippled child on five chairs, the three boys in one bed in another room. They laughed over it, like holiday-makers enjoying the hardships of camping out. They loved their home. Small? All the easier! At last they were all together.

While the boys had gone for their long Sunday tramp and the mother was putting on a kettle in the kitchen, I spoke to my friend of the happy atmosphere in her home.

"Ah!" she said, her pale face lighting up, "you should have seen us last Monday. It was the greatest day in our lives. Jim and I've been talking about it for seven years. It didn't seem as though it would ever come sometimes. When it actually came—well, as I say, it was the greatest day of our lives."

"What happened?" I asked.

"Why, that was the first morning mother didn't go out to work!"

A VOICE IN LONDON

Heard in Rome

NEW TRIUMPH OF THE WIRELESS TELEPHONE

Early in the war a man spoke in America and was heard in Europe; it was the supreme triumph of the wireless telephone. Now a man has spoken in London and been heard 900 miles away, in Rome; it is the supreme triumph of the wireless telephone in Europe.

The sender of a message speaks into a telephone to which a powerful dynamo is attached. The words are transmitted to the top of a mast 450 feet high, and are then launched into the air magnified a thousand times, so that they will spread for 1500 miles in every direction before they become too faint to be received by another telephone.

At the place where they are to be received the process of being magnified is reversed by instruments attuned to the transmitting telephone, and the sounds are reduced by a microphone, till they are heard through the receiving telephone in ordinary tones.

Throughout the huge space between the sending telephone, with its megaphone, and the receiving telephone with

The Only Way

By the Prime Minister of Italy

Russia, a reservoir of raw materials, and Germany, a reservoir of labour, have almost ceased work.

Europe can only regain equilibrium by putting Germany and Russia on their feet again.

There ought to issue from Parliaments and peoples a powerful and humane voice urging sympathy and clemency for the vanquished.

The spirit of revolution and disorder in the life of Europe can only cease when Europe is animated again with the spirit of peace.

its microphone, they pass through the tremulous ether that fills all space, and they need no transmitting wire.

In this way a message from a London newspaper has been spoken by an Italian correspondent into a telephone at Chelmsford, and was heard, and taken down, just outside Rome, 900 miles away, by the editor of an Italian newspaper.

The Italian hearer of the message could not speak back, as his telephone had not the necessary magnifying attachment, but he at once replied by wireless telegraphy, reporting the plain hearing of the spoken message.

The message, as it vibrated through space, a thousand miles wide in every direction, was picked up, at various places, by listeners who had properly equipped telephones, though some of those who heard it could not understand it as the language used was Italian.

AFRICAN FLIGHT

Five Failures—One Success

"If at first you don't succeed, try again." Having crashed two machines in his attempt to fly from Cairo to the Cape, Colonel Van Ryneveld, the South African pilot who made the record crossing of the Mediterranean by night, was successful in reaching Cape Town in his third machine, the Voortrekker, which was lent to him by the Union Government. He and his fellow pilot, Major Brand, are thus the first men to traverse the Dark Continent by air.

It has been a costly success, five machines crashing in the various attempts.

Although the Cape to Cairo route is not yet possible for a successful commercial air service, the knowledge gained from these many failures will be made full use of; and before many years are gone a regular service will be established, saving several days on the journey.

DUMB MAN'S CRY

A Bishop's Curious Story

A curious story was lately told by a West-country bishop, showing how the deaf and dumb Lord Carbery spoke and saved a ship from being wrecked.

A vessel from Ireland was approaching Bristol in a dense fog, said the bishop, when Lord Carbery suddenly shouted "Land!"—the only word he had ever spoken—and the captain was just in time to alter the helm and miss the rocks of Lundy Island.

That a dumb man should be the first to detect the approach to land is not surprising, for a loss of some powers sharpens the sensitiveness of powers that are left, and the deaf may feel the presence of danger which those who trust to hearing would miss.

But probably what the deaf man shouted was not the word "Land," of which he could hardly know the sound, but an exclamation that chanced to be somewhat like "Land."

A CAT'S WILD RIDE

76 Miles on the Top of a Train

A Carlisle reader sends us this incident.

While an express train on the Midland line from Leeds to Carlisle was standing at the platform at Hellfield not long ago the refreshment-room cat got on the verandah over the platform, and jumped on to the top of the train.

It was not noticed till the train was leaving, and as there was no stop till Carlisle, 76 miles away, nothing could be done. But a telephone message asked Carlisle to look out for the cat.

There the cat was found on the top of one of the carriages, and needed considerable inducement to come off.

After a good feed she was returned home to Hellfield.

There are many tunnels on the line between Hellfield and Carlisle, one being nearly two miles long. Also, the weather, was very rough, and the wonder is that the cat was not blown off the train.

A TOWN AND ITS MILK

How to Save £100,000 a Year

The City of Manchester is thinking about taking over the whole supply of milk to its people.

Now the milk is distributed in a wasteful way. Half a dozen milkmen drive down each street, where one would do.

It is true that if the Corporation took over the milk trade £500,000 would have to be spent in starting the business, but it is thought that £100,000 would be saved every year, so that in five years all expenses would have been repaid, and the price of milk greatly cheapened.

STATION WITH 100 CLOCKS

Invisible Works

A huge clock weighing two tons, with four dials six feet in diameter, but with no visible works, now hangs from the girders at Waterloo station.

The whole of the works for each dial fit inside a little box five inches square as the hands are made to move by electric "impulses" from a master clock. There are over 100 clocks in Waterloo station worked in the same way.

SMOKING OUT JACK FROST

Scientists in various parts of the world have been trying to devise methods of forecasting frosts, which do so much harm to the fruit crops in the early spring. Smoke bombs are to be tried in this country, with the object of forming a smoke screen to ward off the frost from our orchards.

A RAT CUTS OFF THE LIGHT

An interesting case of a rat cutting off the electric light in a big factory at Radford occurred the other day. The rat had tried to walk across a high-pressure switch, causing a short circuit, which burned the switch and, of course, killed the rat.

CAN A DOG TELL THE TIME?

QUEER TRUE STORIES

Zoo Elephant Who Knows His Last Load

DOG WAITING FOR THE POST

We continue to receive stories which suggest that animals know how time is passing. Here is one from Perthshire.

In the evening I go and have a chat with a pleasant old lady who lives next door. She has a collie dog, and whenever ten o'clock strikes the dog jumps up and comes where I am, tries to lick my face, glances towards the door, and very clearly hints it is time for me to go.

DOGGIE AT THE WINDOW

The daughter of a Leyton postman writes: Every day a little dog is at the window when my father passes, and looks disappointed if he does not leave a letter.

If there is a letter he is extremely pleased, and if there should be more than one is so excited that he cannot tell which to pick up first and take to his mistress. When he gives her the letter he gets a small lump of sugar.

CAT THAT KEPT TIME LIKE A CLOCK

A Scottish correspondent writes: Our neighbour's cat is a splendid judge of time. Daily, at noon, with the regularity of a clock, she appears at the kitchen window. Then the siren is heard and the children come from school.

TERRIER THAT CAUGHT THE BOAT

This story is from West Hampstead.

A bull-terrier was adopted by a British destroyer. Every few weeks the boat put into a port on the East coast.

Then Joe would leave the boat and make his way to a town about five miles off. If he met any of the crew there he would frisk round them, but not return with them. Yet, though sometimes the destroyer remained two days and sometimes three days, always a few hours before she sailed Joe came back and rejoined her. How he knew the time she was leaving is a mystery.

DOG LOOKS FORWARD TO A WALK

This is from a Willesden reader.

I had to post letters on Wednesdays and Mondays. If I sat down to read on those days my dog would bark in anticipation of the walk. On all other days she would be quite still when I was reading. I thought she might watch me writing and so expect the walk, but when I wrote without her seeing me she barked just the same. She knew the days.

She was washed on Friday, and liked it; and on that day she regularly went to the bathroom and waited.

ELEPHANT THAT DISLIKED OVERTIME

A Leicester reader, writing to the C.N., says:

Some years ago I was at the Zoo having tea where the elephants take children for rides.

The elephants came out then at 2.30 and gave rides till six.

London children will know that there are high steps up which they go to get on the elephant's back, and when he has a load of six to eight children he goes off at a walk towards the Lion House, and then turns and walks back.

Usually they arrange so that one elephant is at the steps while the other is at the far end of the walk. On this afternoon one elephant was just putting down his last load of children, and the other was at the far end, when the Zoo clock began to strike six.

Hearing it, the elephant started to trot back, so great was his hurry to put down his last load, too. The children and nurses on his back began to scream as they went bump—bump—bumping along, but we who looked on could only laugh at his hurry to finish his work and his cleverness in knowing the time.

PUSS WALKS TO CHURCH

A Bristol correspondent tells of a cat which followed the family a mile to church every Sunday, and always knew when to start, but never followed them on any other day. If they did not wish her to go, they were obliged to shut her up.

C.N. CHUMS

NEW MOVEMENT FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

A Basingstoke Experiment for Making Good Citizens

THE CIRCLE OF THE MAGIC CARPET

All the educated world knows that the C.N. is widely used in the day-schools of the United Kingdom; now an admirer has devised an excellent way of using it for the Sunday-school.

From the Rev. T. H. Caddy, the popular Wesleyan minister of Basingstoke, we have received an extremely interesting and carefully planned scheme by which, using the C.N. as a helper, he is trying to come into close touch with the children of his congregation and neighbourhood. We are sure he will be glad for us to describe his ingenious plan.

Mr. Caddy has felt that the wide range of subjects, instructive, stimulating, and amusing, introduced into the C.N. must arouse the interest of all intelligent young people, and may well form a bond of friendship and helpfulness between any children who can be grouped together.

C.N. as a Bond of Union

So he has formed what he calls a Chums' Circle for the elder children, and a Chums of the Magic Carpet Circle for quite young children.

They meet weekly, and the Chums sit on a ring of chairs, with the Chief Chum (Mr. Caddy himself) on one of the chairs, while the Magic Carpet, for the smaller ones, serves as a seat in the centre.

The object is to educate by story-telling and by answering questions, after the members of the circle have read privately their Children's Newspapers, any child being able to attend who takes the paper and has joined the Circle.

The Circle has its officers, its motto, its password and greeting, and its badge.

The officers are the Chief Chum, the Helpers, the Secretary, the Marshal, and the Organist—the three last being elected for three months.

The Heart of Gold

The motto is "Be your best in Body, Mind, Character, and Chumminess."

The badge, presented after three months' membership, is a Heart of Gold, inscribed with a circle around a C, and the first letter of the password.

The aim of the organisation is to foster the spirit of chumminess among the members, to cultivate appreciation of whatever is beautiful and good, and to follow the highest ideals for body, mind, character, and friendship.

As a hymn the Chums use Kipling's "Land of our birth, we pledge to thee," opening with the well-known lines:

Land of our birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in years to be;
When we are grown and take our place
As men and women with our race.

The business after the opening of the Circle consists of talk about the articles in the C.N., chosen by the members, the map, the characters, and so on.

Knowing Each Other

Study of any points in science is begun, and specimens collected and observed. Essays are written on any subject of interest by the older members. Rambles and visits to museums or places of interest are being arranged.

It is the experience of the Chief Chum that by meeting in this way, on a common ground, he and the other Chums come to know each other better than would be possible by any other plan.

As they manage the business of the Circle, it is also a training towards the duties and thoughts of citizenship.

We give this outline of Mr. Caddy's experiment, feeling that it may be helpful to others to see the wisdom of directing young minds into helpful channels of inquiry and thoughtfulness.

The Poles with a Country Again

"PEOPLE BURIED ALIVE FOR CENTURIES"

How the War Restored Their Liberty and Broke the Power of Their Oppressors

TROUBLED RACE THAT MUST LEARN TO GOVERN ITSELF

By OUR INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENT

A witty French writer said of the Poles, while their country, Poland, was still torn into three portions, one governed by Russia, one by Austria, and one by Germany, that "they were a people who had been buried alive, but were continually pushing up the lid of their coffin."

He meant that, although they were ruled by foreigners against their will, they never gave up the hope of being free and independent again, never ceased to struggle against the hard fate imposed upon them.

Long ago the kingdom of Poland was one of the strongest Powers in the north and east of Europe. It lost its strength because its ruling classes became stupid and indolent, let the defences of the country grow weak, and treated the people as if they were cattle and not human beings.

Oppressing a Whole Nation

In the middle of the eighteenth century Poland was unable to resist attack, and from that time until after the war it ceased to be a self-governing State. Now it has recovered its ancient territories, and is a Republic. The three empires which oppressed it and divided it between them have ceased to exist.

The worst treatment the Poles had to endure was from the Russian Tsars, who did all they could to break the national spirit of the people. Seeing that it would not be broken while they spoke Polish, the Russian officials ordered that all teaching in the schools must be in Russian. Any child heard speaking Polish, even in playtime, was punished.

The Hated Medal

The Polish schoolmasters hated these regulations, but they were afraid to disobey them openly. They showed their hatred of Russia, however, in private. For example, one schoolmaster was awarded a Russian medal. He would never wear it except at prize-givings, when he was obliged to pin it to his coat. At other times he used it to keep his family in order!

If his little girl refused to eat her dinner, he would say, "You shall wear the medal for the rest of the day." Or if his son played truant, he would hang it round his neck as a punishment. So Polish children grew up to detest the Russians as fiercely as their mothers and fathers did.

Cruel Taskmasters

In the German part of Poland the same effort was made to force the Poles to speak German. All lessons had to be given in German, and once the German officials tried to make the children even say prayers in German.

The Poles are Roman Catholics, and passionately attached to their religion. They rebelled against this order. The children refused to do as they were told. In many schools they were punished. Into one school, where caning was going on, a number of parents rushed to rescue their boys and girls. For this they were sent to prison, and then the school children all over German Poland "struck." A hundred thousand of them stayed

away from school altogether, and this turned the laugh against the Germans, who had to give way.

Poland is a rich country, its plains are fertile in grainland, with good pastures for cattle, and with great forests still covering a large part of them. Near the wooden houses of the peasants, with their blue walls and thatched roofs, children are generally to be seen minding the cows. When you go into these little houses and see the villages and small towns, which are poor and dirty as a rule, you wonder where the wealth that is taken out of the soil goes.

Proud and Handsome Race

The country houses of the landowners are altogether different. They are clean and comfortable, even luxurious. There are a great many servants. Books, flowers, and music make life pass pleasantly. The mode of living is like that of the French, except for the later hours which the Poles keep. Fashionable people in Warsaw, the chief city of Russian Poland, and now the capital of the Republic, used seldom to go to bed till three or four in the morning. That habit, however, is changing.

The Poles are a handsome race, tall, with refined features and expressive eyes. The peasants are proud and free in their bearing. The men of the comfortable class often grow heavy when they have outlived their youth, the result of good living. The women keep their beauty, their graceful carriage, their small feet and shapely hands, until they are quite old. They are clever as well as beautiful, and in keeping alive the national spirit they have taken a conspicuous part.

Quaint Dress

There are a great many Jews in Poland, and they are more different from the rest of the population than in any country of Western Europe. The older men wear the distinctive Jewish dress still, long black coats reaching to the ankles and a great black cap, or a hat trimmed with fur. On each side of the face their hair falls in ringlets, and they let their beards grow. Married women have their heads shaved: they are not supposed to need an attractive appearance when they have found husbands.

There is, unfortunately, a good deal of ill-feeling between the Poles and their Jewish fellow-citizens.

Poland's Great Men

Within the last twenty years many Poles, having lost their estates, have gone into trade, which used to be almost entirely in Jewish hands. Thus rivalry has arisen, and there are some Poles who wish to use their new liberty for oppressing the Jews, as the nation was formerly oppressed itself by Russians and Germans.

The Poles have produced very many musicians of note, many painters, and a great novelist, Sienkiewicz. Now they need statesmen of calm judgment and foresight to guide them. They look to the League of Nations for protection, but they must learn to govern themselves. H. H. F.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

FRENCHMAN AND HIS FABLES

The Man Whose Music Thrills Us All

A FAMOUS DOCTOR

- April 11. Charles Reade died in London . 1884
12. Henry Clay, U.S.A. statesman, born Virginia 1777
13. La Fontaine died in Paris 1695
14. Handel died in London 1759
15. Motley, historian, born at Dorchester, Mass. 1814
16. Sir Hans Sloane born at Killyleagh, Ireland 1660
17. Benjamin Franklin died in Philadelphia . 1790

Jean de la Fontaine

EVERY French boy and girl knows, first and foremost, one book of Jean de la Fontaine. In English we have not any book, unless it is the Bible, that is read by so many as his Fables.

It has been said that the young read La Fontaine's Fables because they are so interesting, the middle-aged because they are so clever, the old because they are so wise. The fables are all in rhyme, and are based on Æsop and other old sources.

La Fontaine lived in the golden age of French literature, when Racine was writing tragedy and Molière comedy, and Boileau was telling everybody how to write; but in popularity La Fontaine outstripped them all, adding to the style of his time a pleasant tinge of older days.

One of the advantages of learning French is that you can read his charming fables as he wrote them.

George Frederick Handel

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL was a German musician who came over to England with the Hanoverian kings, and completely captured the British public, over whom he has reigned for 150 years as the king of sacred music.

From boyhood Handel was a musician and instrumentalist. At 17 he was known throughout Germany, and at 25 throughout all Europe.

Chiefly he composed operas—dozens of them; but it was not till he was over 50 that he began to write the wonderful oratorios, massive yet beautiful, that stand at the head of the world's sacred music. Three of these are often performed: Israel in Egypt, Judas Macabeus, and Samson—and one, the Messiah, is as familiar as our National Anthem, and, of course, much more deservedly so.

Samson was blind; so was Milton, who wrote the words; and so was Handel towards the close of his life. One of the songs is:

Total eclipse; no sun, no moon;
All dark amidst the blaze of moon.

This "master of all masters of music," as Beethoven called him, is buried in Westminster Abbey.

Sir Hans Sloane

SIR HANS SLOANE was the great London doctor of the first half of the eighteenth century, who made a great fortune, which he spent generously in supporting hospitals. He collected manuscripts, books, and scientific specimens, and left them all to the British nation, on the condition that £20,000 was paid for valuable things which had cost him £50,000.

In 1753 Parliament passed a Bill to accept the gift, and the great Sloane collection made the beginning of the British Museum.

Sir Hans Sloane was one of the most active men of science of his time. He succeeded Sir Isaac Newton as President of the Royal Society for the Advancement of Science, and held the office 14 years.

As a famous doctor he practised in Bloomsbury Square, close by what is now the British Museum. Much of his wealth was invested in London, in the parts now called after him—Sloane Street, Sloane Square, and Hans Place.

GREAT INVASION OF THE BRITISH ISLES—A WILD ARMY ARRIVES IN THE AIR

THE birds are coming back to our islands after their long winter absence; we see them in growing numbers, in fields and trees, on houses and farm-buildings.

If we live in a house with martins' nests under the eaves we are becoming conscious that the little birds are with us once again, chirping and twittering and fluttering with all the wild excitement of children home from school. Thousands of years ago the Greek poet Homer compared the noisy march of the Trojan armies to the flight of the cranes.

Wonder of the Birds

Just now most of the birds are coming to stay with us, and, if their departure last autumn was a marvel, their return to the same spots and the identical eaves and trees that they originally favoured is a still more astounding wonder. The same birds have been seen coming back to the same nests year after year.

In returning to our islands the birds do not seem to travel in such large flocks as when they leave us. The departure is more simultaneous, because

a sudden cold wind will set all the birds of a kind thinking alike, and a large body will start for the south at the same moment. The return, however, is less urgent, and a few days do not count.

Much observation of the migration of birds has been made from lighthouses. The birds are attracted by the bright light, and unfortunately many dash themselves against the lantern and are killed. In a report on migration, as observed from Irish lighthouses some years ago, it was stated that on a certain night the air had seemed filled with swarms of larks, thrushes, starlings, blackbirds, and curlews, and the balcony of one lighthouse was piled deep with slain birds.

Helping our Friends

They had so fouled the glass of the lantern that eight pails of water were needed to clean it. Now, happily, the custom is growing up of providing lighthouse landing places for the birds.

The endurance and muscular strength of birds on migration is astonishing. Although they sometimes rest on the

masts and boats of ships, thousands arrive that cannot have had such help, and they are apparently none the worse for a journey of thousands of miles, and show no fatigue. They are as lively as when they have been here for weeks.

Riding Across the Sea

It used to be confidently stated by naturalists that some of the smaller birds often rode on the backs of the larger ones—the wagtail, for instance, being helped by the crane—and though the story was laughed at as a fairy tale there is some evidence of its truth.

A well-known Swedish traveller once followed a flock of storks on the island of Rhodes, and as they alighted he saw small birds fly up from their backs. Other reliable travellers tell the same story and agree that the big birds do give their smaller friends a lift.

The movements of the birds at this time of year, however, are not all in one direction. If most of them are coming to spend the summer in Britain, some are going away to cooler climates farther

north. The wild swans and geese are among these. They fly to Scandinavia, Russia, and Siberia, and we shall not see them again till the autumn.

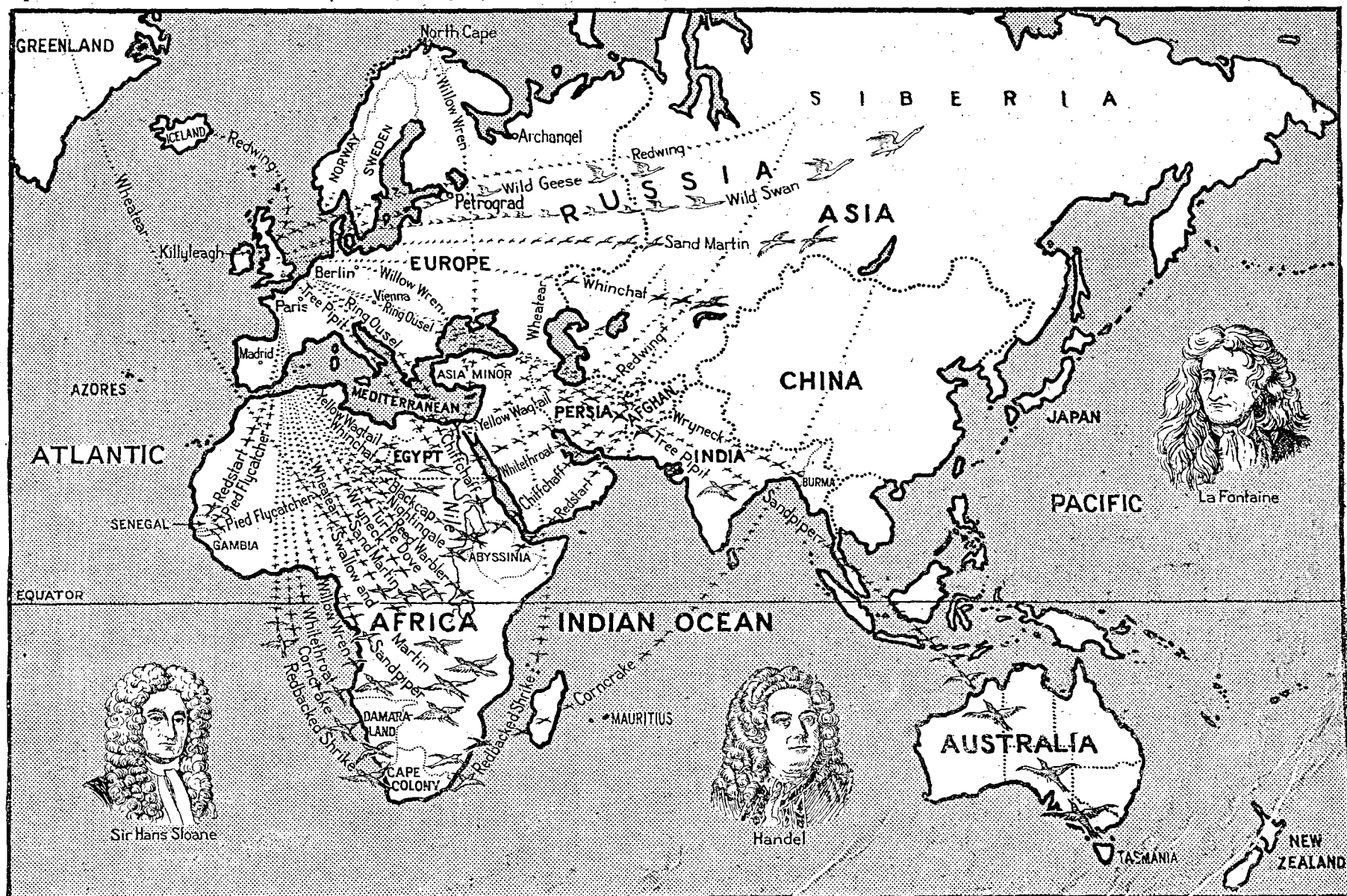
There seems no doubt that the birds travel at extraordinary speeds on migration. Some hoodie crows were observed arriving at Heligoland one spring day at 8 o'clock, and three hours later they reached the English coast. They had travelled 320 miles without a break at 100 miles an hour.

Four Miles a Minute

On another occasion a well-known scientist found that plovers, godwits, and curlews travelled over four miles in a single minute.

The whole subject of migration is a great mystery, and, owing to the immense distances the birds travel, and the great heights at which they fly, observation is very difficult. Perhaps the aeroplane may help us to solve the mystery.

Our map this week shows how the birds visit us in thousands at this season, while some go away to more northerly climes.



PICTURE MAP SHOWING HOW THE BIRDS FLY NORTH ACROSS THOUSANDS OF MILES TO SPEND THE SUMMER MONTHS WITH US

ALL-THE-YEAR FRUIT

Development of Cold Storage

It is now claimed that cold storage, by refrigeration, can be applied as successfully to ripe fruit as to meat, at a cost of a farthing a pound per month. The fruit keeps its full flavour.

If this system should fulfil the promises made on its behalf, it will be possible to have delicious fruit all the year round, and to preserve the crops which are partly lost through ripening faster than they can be consumed.

A fresh fruit diet at any time will be of great advantage to health.

THE ECONOMY GRATE

How to Save Fire Waste

These hints, given by the Royal Institute of British Architects, on making fire-grates less extravagant, deserve to be well circulated.

Line your grates with fire-bricks. See that the fire-bricks are high enough to stand above the fire. Take care that the back brick leans forward, and at the top is not more than four inches from the front bars. Fill in the space at the back with fire-clay. See that your register is not open more than a quarter of its full capacity. Fill in the front beneath the grate with movable pieces of metal.

A NATURE PUZZLE

The Blind Centipede's Light

Two well-known naturalists give an interesting account of the centipedes which produce light and glow in the dark. One kind of centipede in particular, although it has no eyes and cannot therefore see light, secretes a luminous slime and is visible at night.

Why blind insects should make light is a mystery. Is it to frighten away their enemies, or can they "see" without eyes? It is one of the many perplexing things in Nature that may never be known to man.

GREAT MUSIC IDEA

No More "Turning Over"

Those who cannot memorise music will be interested in an ingenious invention of a French musician named Bertrand, who has made a machine which revolves an endless band of music over two rollers, so that, as one plays, the notes appear without any turning of the pages!

If music publishers will reprint all their music on endless bands, Monsieur Bertrand's invention will prove very useful. But will they? A little lever controls the speed of a small electric motor which moves the music-rollers.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 10 1920

Now That April's Here

APRIL has come round again, and England is opening her beautiful eyes. The daffodils are up; the bluebells will soon be through; on every shrub and tree is the handwriting of God, the promise of the Kingdom of Heaven.

It is the month of everlasting promise in these islands, when Nature opens her heart and adorns our little land with the loveliest robes yet woven in her loom. The England that forgets her Aprils is an England dead with a heart of stone.

In April Shakespeare came—to kindle a glow that shall never fade from his little isle set in our silver sea; and in April Shakespeare went out from us to add his glory to the universe. In April Wordsworth came to sing of stars and daffodils and country lanes; and in April Wordsworth went where Shakespeare is.

Nature has her times and places. She gave us, for our dominion in the world, a Cromwell and a Wellington, and she gave them both in April. She gave us, for bearing high the torch of knowledge, a Lister and a Herbert Spencer, and she gave them both in April. She gave us, for our homeland's sake, a Shaftesbury and a William Booth, and April brought them both.

And now April, with its sun and showers, has come again. Come out on this April night, up the hill into the great silence, and creep through the hedge where the stars keep watch and not a soul is stirring. Only the song of the nightingale is trembling on the air. We are alone with the mystery of life, among "the eternal silences and the infinite spaces."

On such a night our Shakespeare heard the music of the spheres; on such a night Immanuel Kant was moved too deep for words by the thought of the stars in the sky and the sense of duty in man.

And on such a night there came into the silence of these lonely hills a sound unheard in the skies since man first stood to gaze into the heavens. Like the sound of a river rushing through the stars it came, and over us a great, dim shadow passed, as if some shooting star were carrying off a ghostly prey into the dim recesses of the universe. *It was the first Zeppelin that came by night to England.* How long ago it seems tonight since murder crept among the stars!

Well, the daffodils are here again, but there are no more Zeppelins. Their empire has gone down. Their name defames the history of the world. They that took to the sword have perished with the sword, but for a thousand ages yet the stars of April will look down on daffodils and liberty. A. M.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Government Bee

ONE of the Government Departments is offering any discharged soldier a bee for 8s. 6d. It has evidently been untrimming its bonnets.

The Boys on the Green

EVERYBODY will be glad if France is picking up our love of play in taking over our national game, and we wish our French cousins many happy games of football.

It has often been said, more wrongly than rightly, that Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton, but everybody knows what it means, and there is something in it.

What we like even more than that is the story of the judge who stood one summer evening smoking his pipe at the gate of his country house. Some boys were playing cricket on the village green close by, and a constable, stepping up to the judge, asked if he should stop the boys making such a noise. But the judge loved it all. "Constable," he said, "leave them alone. They are settling the common law of England."

The boys playing cricket were fixing for all time the claim of the people to their birthright in open spaces.

Should We Forgive Them?

THE outspoken Lord Fisher sends frequent little notes to the Times, some of them wise ones.

One of them suggests that all nations which have lent money to other nations for the war, as great Britain and America have done, should freely forgive all they are owed.

Thus, Britain and America would pay nearly all the expenses of the war in which they were fighting for all mankind, and Germany would not pay anything for all the wilful damage she did to coal-mines and fruit-trees.

Forgiveness is fine, but justice is sometimes finer, and it does bad men no good to let them wink slyly at the defeat of the justice they have scorned.

It is Our Money They Want

IT seems that the railways—with what authority nobody quite knows—charge you 1s. 2d. if you take your typewriter by train. Your fare may be only twopence, but the fare of the typewriter would be 1s. 2d.

The idea seems to be that the typewriter is not personal luggage, though it is as personal as a fountain pen, and we are not yet charged for pens.

There are two clever people who have been explaining all this from the railway point of view. One seems to hold that a typewriter is a bicycle, and the other says that, as all railways have agreed to this charge, it would be official Bolshevism not to make it.

Now we know. You agree to be Bolsheviks against the public, and must keep it up because if you do not you would be Bolsheviks against yourselves. Which would never do.

The Gospel of Work

SOME people are doing their very best in these hard times. Only work can save us, and we read of a man who has made up his mind to get busy. He holds the record for punching a ball without stopping. He is fed every four hours while he punches, and the other day he got up and started to punch his ball for sixty hours.

We have not heard anything like it since we came across the man who got £3 a week for watching a hole in the road, though we seem to remember the case of two officers at a London hospital who served their country by looking after two barrels—both empty.

Three things puzzled Solomon, and two things astonished Kant. What surprises us is how all the donkeys in the world get enough thistles to live on.

Tip-Cat

MOST of us, says a motorist, have to be content with a Ford. But we should be more contented with what we can't afford.

TIMES are hard, but our washerwoman is keeping her head above water.

AN Uxbridge official declares that the Coal Controller is a myth. The coal seems to be, anyhow.

THE "screen face" is becoming popular. You know it by its filmy eyes.

A SOCIALIST says the railways are ripe for nationalisation. So ripe that they are now jam-making on most of them.

BROKEN English: Bankrupts.

A PICTURE palace: The National Gallery.

A MAN who puts his spoke in: The wheelwright.

A SKYLIGHT: The moon.

"My remedy," says Mr. Palmer,

"is to make Germany pay." Sounds like a golden remedy; why not administer it?

REVOLUTIONARY books: A circulating library.

MR. FISHER protests that the Indian Government has the right to point out anything they please. But, unfortunately, they don't please anything.

The Young Old Men

WE were talking the other day of an old man of 92 whose pride it is that he kisses his toe each morning. Now we come across an old man of 101 who can crack nuts with his teeth. If any reader would like to send him a pound of Brazil nuts, he is Isaac Lamb, of Ash, Wokingham.

My Brother Lies Near Nazareth

By Harold Begbie

MY brother, who played football

And drove a butcher's cart,
Lies buried close to Nazareth,
A bullet through his heart.

A BOLDER lad lived never,
And yet, by day and night,
He mothered me in everything
That makes a boy go right.

ONE day, when dark was falling,

And we struck home to tea,
"Young Dick," he said, "you've got to grow

A better man than me."
No other word he uttered;
And I shall never know
What secret worked within his heart

And made his voice so low.
As I look back to boyhood,
One thing alone I see:
A gallant lad, with flashing eyes,
Who took great pains with me.

The Lady-in-Waiting

By One Who Looked On

THE other evening, in a dignified and deserted square, I passed a woman rating a small boy. They stood before the marble steps and brightly-lighted hall door of a club, and she was urging him to go in and beard someone in that impressive den.

"Go on," she said. "He's your own father, ain't he? You can ask for him, can't you? Tell him I won't wait another minute. I've been here a quarter of an hour, and I'll let him know it. What are you afraid of? A pack of waiters? Ain't your dad one?"

She gave him a push, but he remained with his hands in his pockets and his head down. When I had completed the round of the square she was still scolding, and I felt a twinge of sympathy for the boy who was asked to adventure into that hall. I knew his heart was hammering, and tears were not as far as they should be from manly eyes.

His mother was inquiring whether he thought hall porters breathed fire and brimstone; if he thought callers at clubs were liable to be burned at the stake; and whether, being such a brave boy, he would like to go back to petticoats and a night-light?

Thus goaded, the boy lifted a pink face and said: "Why don't you go, mum?"

Ah, why, indeed? His mother said that this was quite another matter. Grown-ups are often like that.

Unable to observe any more without doing so openly, I went down a turning by the club into a street composed of mews on one side and back entrances to great houses on the other. There, in the lamplight, I saw a melancholy figure leaning on the iron railings. As I drew near he pulled out his watch and regarded it wearily. The waiter was waiting for the lady-in-waiting—in the wrong place!

Your Monument

If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

Shakespeare

NONSENSE TALKED IN PARLIAMENT

WHAT THEY TELL M.P.s

A Little Lesson in Nature for the Government Front Bench

BIRDS, CATERPILLARS, AND WESTMINSTER HALL

By Our Natural Historian

When we stand in Westminster Hall and look at the repairs to the oak roof that King Rufus built, let us think with kindness of starlings. They have been the guardians of the oak trees whose timber repairs the gaps made in that roof by wood-boring beetles.

The point came unexpectedly into prominence in a recent debate in Parliament, when Mr. Acland, one of our Commissioners of Forestry, was discussing schemes for the replanting of the noble woods cut down during the war.

Supplies are so difficult to get, and money is so scarce, that, instead of buying young seedlings from the Continent, we are sending to New Zealand and America for seeds of various trees.

The war-axe was not alone responsible for the damage to our woods. Plagues of caterpillars arose and ate the foliage of the oaks over wide tracts of country.

How the Starlings Save the Oaks

"Has the absence of birds anything to do with the plague of caterpillars?" asked a member.

"Not at all," was Mr. Acland's astounding reply.

It is amazing to read the things said in Parliament, and one wonders what Mr. Fisher thinks of it all.

Major Courthope, M.P., immediately contested Mr. Acland's statement, as well he might. He asserted that the ravages of caterpillars during the last three years were the outcome of the decreased number of birds, owing to Government regulations being relaxed in order to allow more birds to be killed, and he told what happened in his own wood in Sussex, from where the oak for the Westminster Hall roof is coming.

Some of his oaks were stripped bare by caterpillars, but near the house are pollarded oaks, hollow and decayed, the homes of many starlings. In the vicinity of the starlings, not an oak was affected. Why? *Because the starlings ate the caterpillars.*

Birds that Help the Taxpayer

During the long nesting season the major saw processions of starlings returning from the woods with caterpillars in their mouths—food for their young in the nests.

Of course the birds are sentinels for the trees, and live for a long period of each year on insects injurious to crops.

We should remember what happened two years ago in Surrey, for example. Myriads of caterpillars appeared upon the oaks of Ashted and other woods.

Starlings arrived in battalions, assisted by jackdaws, and cleared the woods of all caterpillars that were not deeply hidden in the recesses of the bark.

When Parliament is Educated

It is admitted that slow rhythmical tides of life bring wonder years in the multiplication of numbers. The phenomenon occurs in the sea, in the rivers, on the land—seemingly miraculous harvests of fish, recurrent plagues of voles and mice in the fields and of insects in the soil. But, with insects, every year would be a season of hopeless devastation but for insect-eating birds.

It follows that bird-destruction opens the way to an enormous increase of injurious insects. Government experts know it, and yet Mr. Acland, a responsible minister, tells the House of Commons that the absence of birds has nothing to do with the plague of caterpillars on our oak trees! What a different place the House of Commons will be when its seats are filled by 670 readers of the Children's Newspaper.

TRACKING THE EEL TO HIS CRADLE

THE eel has been tracked to his cradle. It is one of the most interesting discoveries of natural history for many years, and is a sheer romance.

It has taken us 2000 years to learn that eels, living in ponds and rivers, climb out when full-grown, crawl over the land, find a river running to the ocean, go out to sea, and lay eggs which produce offspring that come back in billions up the rivers from which their parents descended. But in what deep sea do eels spawn? That was the mystery.

Dr. Johan Schmidt has now tracked down these elusive marvels to their spawning grounds. You would never guess it, for it is the Sargasso Sea, that enormous sea-garden through which Columbus first sailed, to the terror of

his crews, from September 16 to October 12, 1492. Of course that is not the only nursery, but Dr. Schmidt has traced the spawning eels of our European rivers to this enormous sea of weed in the North Atlantic.

Upon hatching, the eel larvae drift with the current, undergo a marvellous transformation, reach Europe, swarm up the rivers, climb the banks, cross dusty fields and parched meadows to inland ponds and ditches, and then settle there for the next seven or eight years, when they swim back to the Sargasso to lay their eggs, and die.

Is not that a crowning marvel of the migratory instinct? Across the Atlantic in infancy, to fatten in a way-side English pond, and back again, grown-up, across the wide ocean.

HERRING GIRLS OF THE SHETLAND ISLES



These Scottish fisher lassies are happy today because their herring fishery, which was in danger of being destroyed by Norwegian whale-fishers, has been saved. See next column

VIKINGS AND THE HERRINGS

Why the Whale-men Must Pack Up

SHETLAND INDUSTRY IN PERIL

The herrings have left their home in the Shetlands, and now the whale-men have to go. It is an odd story.

The herrings approach successive stretches of the shores of our islands practically all the year round, beginning earliest in the North of Scotland, then arriving like floods of life in stages down the coast—off the Tyne in May, down to the Yorkshire coast during the next three months, and then, in September, filling the seas off Yarmouth.

Last year was a bad herring season, owing to many causes, yet the number of these fish landed at Yarmouth alone amounted to over 87,000 tons, valued at £1,250,000 wholesale. A most important industry, then, yet it has faded out of existence in the Shetland Isles.

The fish no longer lay their eggs there, and there is little occupation for the 1500 Shetland herring-boats and 8000 fishermen. What means this mystery?

Fish Afraid of a Gun

A Government Committee finds that the whale-fishing of hardy Norsemen has done the mischief. These Vikings have set up whaling establishments on the islands; they hunt the whales in the sea, and tow their bodies ashore, and it is found that this industry and herring nurseries cannot exist together.

Herrings are nervous and cleanly fish. The guns which fire the harpoons at the whales frighten them, so that their shoals break up and disappear. Even if that does not happen, they cannot swim to the shore shallows through the trail of oil left by the whaling vessels.

So they have ceased to spawn at the Shetlands, and ruined the fishermen. The Committee declares that whaling in the Shetlands must cease, and the Vikings must depart.

Picture on this page

WEEDS OF THE SEA

And the Fruits of the Earth

The Ministry of Agriculture is sending out a leaflet to show farmers near the sea how the sea may fertilise the land.

Every crop makes poorer the land that grows it, and it is necessary to put back into the land the chemical elements, like nitrogen, that have been extracted.

That is done by manuring the land. But all manure is now very dear, and the question is: Can we get good manure at a cheaper rate than is now paid for it?

Yes, says the Board of Agriculture. Seaweed is an excellent manure, enriched by the sea, and capable of enriching the land.

The expense of carting seaweed will prevent it from being taken far from the shore, but it can be burned, and then will be worth from £6 to £8 per ton.

Already, seaweed is extensively used in many places near the coast.

KEEPING HISTORY ALIVE

Two National Monuments

Scattered throughout our country are ancient buildings which are historic landmarks, and everyone who feels how the England of today is based on the England of yesterday should be glad when any of these historic remains are preserved.

The only sure way of preserving them is for them to be placed under the care of the Government, so that thoughtless and ignorant people will not be allowed to destroy what can never be replaced.

Two such buildings in Yorkshire have recently been committed to the public care. They are Whitby Abbey, which tells a story of nearly 1400 years, and is one of the cradles of our literature; and Byland Abbey, near Helmsley, a ruined monastic building dating from a time when these religious houses were centres of learning. *Pictures on page 12*

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

A new Franchise Bill, which is expected to become law very soon, will add five million women voters to the Register.

Marriage in the Air

A Methodist minister in Victoria has lately conducted the Marriage Service in an aeroplane 2000 feet high.

Work and Play

Two boys who were fined for kicking a ball along the street at Luton excused themselves by saying that they got to work quicker with a ball to help them.

Teachers at the Front

Of six thousand men teachers in London schools, three thousand joined the Army during the War and three hundred gave their lives for their country. Over two hundred received distinctions.

England's Population Growing

There were 108,809 more births than deaths in England and Wales during 1919. This is a healthy sign, for in 1918 the deaths exceeded the births by 79,443, and statesmen were beginning to get seriously alarmed about the matter.

Boy Scouts and Girl Guides going into camp for Easter travelled on the railways at reduced fares.

Seeking and Finding

More than five million people applied for work at the Employment Exchanges last year, and 1,137,875 were placed in suitable positions.

Clean and Dirty

The Lord Mayor has been claiming that the City is the cleanest part of London. We wish he would whitewash the stairway at Holborn Viaduct.

The Army of Girl Guides

How many Girl Guides are there? The answer is 231,396. Of these more than half are in the British Isles, where the Guides number 128,746. Brownies total 24,891, and seniors 4,931.

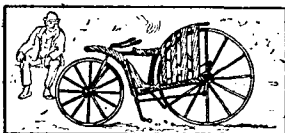
A Republic Adrift

Portugal is a country without a firm government. It is adrift because no wise, strong men can be found to guide it honestly in these dangerous times of high prices and general discontent. No one knows how to rule for the good of all.

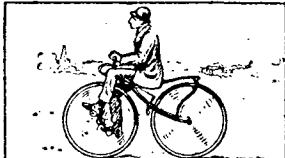
A PICTURE HISTORY OF THE BICYCLE



The first cycle was the curious old dandy or hobby-horse. 1818



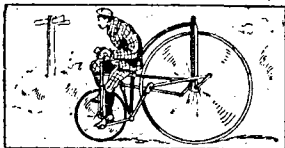
An early bicycle worked by crank and lever made by Dalzell. 1846



The old bone-shaker, with wooden wheels, worked by pedals on the front axle. 1869



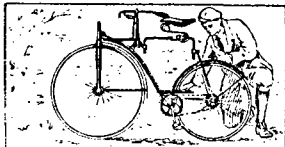
The ordinary high bicycle as it evolved from the crude bone-shaker. 1873



An early pattern of safety bicycle, patented by J. S. Lawson. 1879



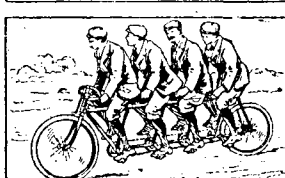
One of the very earliest and most curious forms of tandem bicycle. 1885



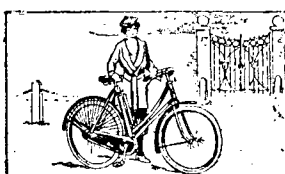
The first Rover safety, the forerunner of the present-day bicycle. 1885



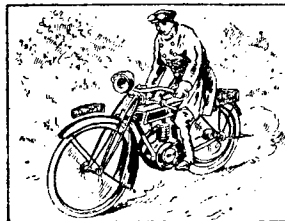
Bicycle fitted with the earliest pattern of Dunlop pneumatic tyres. 1890



The quad, or four-seater, a curious and interesting development of the tandem safety. 1895



The present-day form of lady's bicycle, with free wheel and ball bearings. 1920



An up-to-date motor-cycle, capable of travelling at the astonishing rate of seventy miles an hour. 1920



The auto wheel for an ordinary "push-bike," which drives it 15 miles an hour. 1920



The motor scooter, a light form of motor-cycle with a two horse-power engine. 1920

These pictures show how the old hobby-horse developed into the motor cycle and scooter

FINDING OUT WHAT ANIMALS THINK

Wise Men at Play with Our Dumb Friends

GAMES WITH A WASP, A RAT, AND A MOUSE

COLLECTED BY CORRESPONDENTS IN THE SCIENTIFIC LABORATORIES

The representatives of the Children's Newspaper in our scientific laboratories have come upon some curious experiments on our little dumb neighbours in the world. No fear need be felt that these experiments are cruel; the animals are not put to any pain.

From the very beginning of his partnerships with animals, man has probably made use of rewards and punishments. In some way, we do not understand how, our ancestors tamed a second-cousin of the wolf and made of him the domestic dog, the trusty guardian of our flocks.

And as he continued, from age to age, to train the more adaptable youngsters, getting rid of those that would not learn, man must have tried the value of rewarding the more docile, and punishing the careless or sulky. The bone and the stick are the symbols of the two methods, and there were probably always two schools—one believing more in teaching animals by kindness, the other believing more in enforcing obedience by punishment.

Dancing Mouse and the Button

Suppose we wish to teach a dancing mouse to be quick in working a bolt or a button or a lever by which it can get out of a box, we may make it hungry and place some food outside the door. Will the reward help to stamp on the mind of the mouse the effective procedure for getting out of the box, so that it will learn to go through the trick quickly?

We all know that many of those who train animals to do clever things believe in the reward method, and always have a lump of sugar or something handy to give their pupils when they have done well. But the careful students of animal behaviour have also found that there is a good deal to be said for administering a slight punishment when unsuccessful efforts are made.

White Rat and the Boxes

Dr. Yerkes found that if a dancing mouse is to learn quickly to distinguish between two boxes of different degrees of brightness, it is within certain limits very useful to mark a mistake by giving the mouse a slight electric touch. This is on the line of the adage "Burnt bairns dread the fire."

But a difficult question like this—whether the reward or the punishment works best—requires to be tackled over and over again, and so we welcome a new set of experiments made by Mr. John D. Dodson on white rats. The experiments were entirely pleasant and humane, and the subjects were well-fed and carefully tended. When we speak here of hunger we do not mean hurtful hunger; and when we speak of an electric twinge we do not mean anything cruel in the slightest degree. The rat would feel a tremor such as a baby could feel without hurt; that is all.

Rewards and Punishments

What the rats were asked to do was to distinguish between a dark box and a bright one. Choosing the bright box meant that the rat got home to its nest; choosing the dark box meant that it received an electric touch, and had to return to the entrance and try again. Or at times choosing the bright box meant toasted corn-flakes soaked in cream; choosing the dark box meant a return to the entrance and no reward.

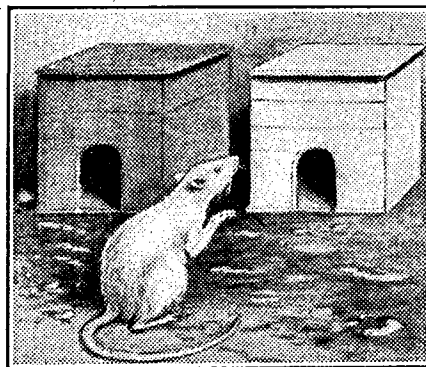
Each rat was given ten trials every third day at the same hour, and a pupil was considered to have learned its lesson when it made ten correct choices in succession on the same day. The chief aim was to discover whether the punishment of choosing wrongly or the reward of choosing rightly was the more effective spur to learning.

After numerous experiments had been made the conclusion was reached that

rat trained with electric shock perfected the habit in about 39 trials, while rats trained by hunger needed 75 trials.

The rat pupils trained on the electric method retained the habit better than those trained by hunger and toasted corn-flakes. The experimenter points out very wisely, however, that, although for learning a simple process of discrimination the punishment method worked better with rats than the reward method did, we must not suppose that this need hold true for other creatures. Each animal must be tested by itself.

Much may depend on the "native tendencies" of the rat. The tendency to take to flight is very strong in rats, stronger even than the food-seeking tendency, for a rat seeking food takes to flight on the approach of an enemy. And it may be that the electric method



Which Box Will the Rat Choose?

works best with rats because it is linked up with a very strong native tendency.

So it looks as if the moral of these interesting and valuable experiments in the education of rats is not so much to lead us to prefer punishment-methods to reward-methods, but rather to lead us to believe in methods which are linked up with strong natural tendencies.

* Dr. Harold Wager has been interesting himself in finding out what colours a wasp likes best. He placed small pieces of sugar on sheets of coloured paper, and noted the colours to which the wasps returned for the sweet food. He discovered that they liked most their own colours of yellow and black. Then they went to the red paper, and after that to the blue, and left the white till last.

What Colour Does a Wasp Like?

The great trouble was that the wasps at first took no notice of the colours, but returned to the place where they had picked up a bit of sugar. Only by continually moving the colours was this experiment made to produce results.

Another difficulty was found in the fact that the wasps always followed each other. When one settled on any colour, all the others entering the room would join their comrade. It became necessary to admit them one by one, and then see which colours most attracted them. It turned out that it was their own uniform of black and yellow which they preferred to all others.

A NURSERY RHYME FOR LONDON

All children who have ever sung

Oranges and lemons,

Say the bells of St. Clemen's

will be glad to hear that the melody of the old nursery rhyme is now being played three times daily on the tuneful bells of the church itself, in the Strand.

The hours when the bells ring the rhyme are nine o'clock, midday, and five.

THOUSANDS OF BALLOONS

The British Weather Office is using over 13,000 balloons a month to explore the upper air. These are small balloons, sent up with self-registering instruments attached, and, of course, no aeronauts.

SHEPHERD INVENTOR

HOW WALTER TURNER BECAME A MILLIONAIRE

Four Hundred Inventions from One Man's Brain

WHAT HE DID FOR RAILWAYS

Americans have a way of measuring things by their cost in dollars. As a train entered a small Canadian town in the Far West, half of which was smouldering on the ground in heaps of ashes, a visitor was joined on the platform of a car by a brakeman riding to a siding.

"You've had a fire," said the visitor. "Yes, a 70,000-dollar fire," said the brakeman.

"Did you try to put it out?" asked the visitor.

"No use trying," said the brakeman, as he dropped off the platform step, "it got a 30,000-dollar start."

An American paper has been measuring the value of the achievements of various inventions, and one of their papers has been recalling the story of Walter Turner. He was a little-known man, who died last year, but his story is truly remarkable and romantic.

The Doubting Millionaire

He was the perfecter of the air-brake for trains invented by George Westinghouse, and used on every up-to-date railway in the world. When Westinghouse first tried to see an American railway millionaire and show the working of his air-brake, the millionaire said: "Bah! Stop trains by wind! I have no time to give to fools!" But his railway had to use the Westinghouse brake before long, and the fool who was refused an interview became the greatest railway engineer in America.

When Walter Turner found himself working at the same table as the great George Westinghouse it was the proudest day of his life, for only a few years before he had been a shepherd on a prairie sheep ranch in the Far West of the United States, knowing nothing of the mechanics of railway engineering; and the chances that had brought him and Westinghouse together, and had made him the manager of the Westinghouse works, were romantic in a high degree.

The Shepherd Among His Sheep

While tending his sheep on the prairie in the neighbourhood of a railway, Turner came to where the ruins of a train were scattered, and among the fragments he picked up as a curiosity a vital part of the Westinghouse brake. This he was allowed to carry away. During his lonely life on the prairie he would ponder over the mechanism of this brake. Then his sheep-farming failed, and after a spell of poverty he was obliged to seek work elsewhere. He found it on the railway, where he became a "wheel-tapper," testing the soundness of carriage wheels.

One day he reported a wheel as unsafe, but the engineer who was called in to revise his work said he was wrong, and so his warning was over-ruled. But the wheel broke down and caused an accident, and an inquiry showed that Turner had been right and the inspector wrong.

Seven Millions in Gold

He was accordingly promoted to the engine shops, where a series of inventions, improving brakes patented by the company, led to his further advancement, and to his reading a paper on his improvements in the hearing of Mr. Westinghouse, who took him into his works, and finally made him the head of the engineering department.

Westinghouse patented two hundred inventions, but the shepherd from the prairies patented four hundred. Westinghouse made an air-brake that would control fifty carriages; Turner improved it till it would control a hundred.

And when he died it was said that the value of his inventions to the world was over seven million pounds in gold.

THE WEEK IN NATURE

Nests Full of Eggs BUTTERFLIES WAKE UP

Nature moves to order like a clock. The year with its seasons, the stars in their courses, move on their changeless way; sunrise and sunset, moonrise and moonset, wind and rain, and high tide at London Bridge, ever they come and go, while nations rise and fall.

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues;
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freshly steeped in morning dews.
Robert Burns

NATURE CALENDAR NEXT WEEK

April 11. Common lizard first appears
Song thrush begins to lay
12. Carrion beetle is seen crawling
13. Stock-dove lays its eggs
Chaffinch begins to build its nest
14. Young redbreasts are hatched
Wren is seen building its nest
15. Blackcap's voice is first heard
Long-eared owl lays its eggs
16. Song of willow warbler is heard
Frog tadpoles hatch out in ponds
17. Redstart's song is first heard
Small white butterfly is on the wing



The moon in the middle of next week

Time-table of Sun, Moon, and Sea

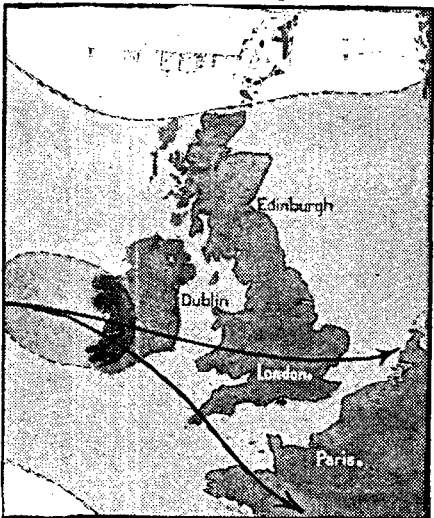
	Sunday	Wednesday	Friday
Sunrise	6.16 a.m.	6.9 a.m.	6.5 a.m.
Sunset	7.48 p.m.	7.53 p.m.	7.56 p.m.
Moonrise	2.28 a.m.	3.55 a.m.	4.42 a.m.
Moonset	11.31 a.m.	2.49 p.m.	5.14 p.m.
High Tide	7.50 p.m.	11.35 p.m.	1.15 p.m.

Day and Night in April

MARCH	APRIL	MAY

This diagram shows the average daily light and darkness during March, April, and May.

C.N. WEATHER MAPS OF THE U.K. The Storms of April



This map shows the storm areas in the United Kingdom for April. The frequency of storms is indicated by the darkness of the area, and the arrows show the direction.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Sow the main crop of beet; in dry weather the seeds should be steeped for a day before sowing. Sow beans for succession, and draw earth to plants already up. Sow lavender or propagate by cuttings or slips. Sow seeds of thyme in light soil, or propagate by division. Sow celery for late crops. Evergreen shrubs, such as hollies, rhododendrons and andromedas, should be planted in showery weather. Sow seeds of asters, stocks, and balsams.

SOMETHING NEW

Bolsheviks Start a New Poetry

THE DANGER OF TRYING TO BE ORIGINAL

The Bolsheviks are inventing a new poetry. They are tired of stars, and roses, and the heart of man. They are in love with machinery. For example:

To the call of triumphant sirens,
Into the gardens of iron and granite,
Into the alleys of stone houses.

Where's our Willie Shakespeare now?

A writer in the Star has tried his hand at this new poetry with amusing results:

Away with the sunset, down with the daffodil!

Give me the South Metropolitan Gasworks,
Give me the shriek of the great steam laundry.

As there is nothing like ridicule for knocking nonsense on the head, perhaps our readers will also try their hands at Bolsh poetry. In the meantime we endeavour to furnish them with a few examples of this effort to be original:

I hate a green field,
I abominate a lily,
Anything that anyone has praised before

Makes me peevisish:
I love a frying-pan,
I dote on the shape of a bottle of ketchup,

And there's nothing so moves my soul to ecstasy
As a pillar-box,
Unless it is a policeman's nose.

Or something like this:

What is there in beauty more fat and more streaky
(If this isn't, tell me what bosh is)

Than a second-hand, very old, broken, and leaky
Pair of goloshes?

Finally, to show the drift of the new muse, we will devote a few lines to the beauty of sound:

It's a vile scandal
To praise Handel:
There's not a scrap of art
In Mozart:

As for Beethoven,
I prefer the fall of a scuttle of coals
down the backstairs of a red-bricked villa in Govan:

But the best noise of all,
Transcending and rending,
Outsoaring, outroaring,
All sounds that ever were or shall be,
Is the rattle and crash,
The rip, crackle, and smash,
Of a tray of priceless china let fall.

By a screaming parlourmaid bringing a nervous old lady her afternoon tea.

Now, let our readers gird up their loins and call on the Bolsh muse to inspire them. They will find it a delightful occupation for a foggy day.

AN ICE IDEA

Solid Water for Building Houses

A wonderful new method of building bridges, houses, and other large structures has been invented, in which huge blocks of ice are used.

Wherever a hollow space is wanted, in making a concrete structure, a block of ice of the required shape is placed, and the wet concrete is put all round it. The concrete sets to a solid mass before the ice melts, but when the ice *does* melt, the water runs away, leaving a hollow space. In most large concrete buildings the concrete is "reinforced," or strengthened, by iron girders or steel parts, and in many cases pieces of ice of the necessary shape are used in the concrete, leaving spaces in which the girders are placed when the concrete has set.

MAKE YOUR OWN AEROPLANE

The Book that Tells You How to Do It

EVERY BOY HIS OWN PLANE-BUILDER

The design of Model Aeroplanes. By F. J. Camm. (Benn Bros.) 7s. 6d. net.

Model aeroplanes have played a large part in the development of aviation, and it was owing to their experiments with models that the pioneers of flight were able to gain such valuable knowledge. Even now models are largely used for research purposes at the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington.

Mr. Camm's book is just the book for boys, for it tells us what we should know in such a fascinating and simple way that we quickly become interested in what might be a very dry subject.

He begins, as he should, by telling why an aeroplane flies, giving the kite as an object-lesson. Having made clear why a kite keeps aloft, he goes on to show how a model aeroplane should be designed.

We are told the best materials to use, and shown how to make many different models—"flying sticks" that will fly 500 yards, tractor monoplanes, twin-screw biplanes, and hydro-monoplanes that will rise from water and alight on it. It is next to impossible to go wrong, for each small detail in construction is dealt with, most operations being clearly illustrated with diagrams.

A Fascinating Hobby

The power for all these machines is obtained from twisted elastic, but, if we are extremely ambitious, we may make a small compressed-air engine from designs given here.

The book does not leave off when we have been told how to make the machines, but gives advice as to the methods of launching the various types, what faults to look for, and what adjustments to make. This tuning-up is, as a matter of fact, the most fascinating part of the hobby, more especially if your friends have been building models at the same time, for you can arrange competitions and gain a great deal of useful knowledge by the interchange of ideas.

The author strongly advocates the formation of model-flying clubs, for things might then be done on an ambitious scale. It would be possible to have a proper workshop, and the construction of a full-sized glider could be undertaken and many problems studied. There is a great future for aviation, and there is no easier way of gaining a really useful knowledge of it, and possibly of making far-reaching discoveries, than by building and flying model aeroplanes. This book is an invaluable help to all who are interested. It is a good little book for the great age coming.

ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS WHEN THOU PRAYEST

We give, week by week, a few verses from the Bible in French, for which all readers can find the translation. The following are from the Sermon on the Mount.

5. Lorsque vous priez, ne soyez pas comme les hypocrites, qui aiment à prier debout dans les synagogues et aux coins des rues, pour être vus des hommes. Je vous le dis en vérité, ils reçoivent leur récompense.

6. Mais quand tu pries, entre dans ta chambre, ferme ta porte, et prie ton Père qui est là dans le lieu secret; et ton Père, qui voit dans le secret, te le rendra.

7. En priant, ne multipliez pas de vaines paroles, comme les païens, qui s'imaginent qu'à force de paroles ils seront exaucés.

8. Ne leur ressemblez pas; car votre Père sait de quoi vous avez besoin, avant que vous le lui demandiez.

From the Sixth Chapter of Matthew

WONDER OF A POINT OF LIGHT SPHERES REVOLVING ROUND TWO SUNS

Worlds Known for Years Before They Were Seen

ROMANCES OF THE SKY

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Jupiter, just now the most resplendent orb of the evening sky, is easily found, being high up as we look towards the south. He is, therefore, a great help in identifying other bodies.

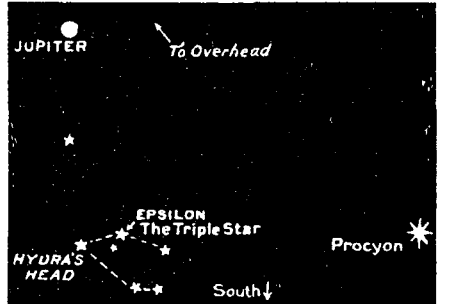
Some distance below Jupiter will be seen a large group of not very bright stars: the accompanying star map shows their exact position. They represent the head of Hydra, a constellation stretching a long way down to the south-east horizon, while on the right the bright star Procyon will be seen.

One star of the group which particularly interests us is Epsilon. When examined in a powerful telescope it is found to consist of two great suns, the larger one yellow, while the other is blue, so that the result is a beautiful variegated sunlight for any fortunate planets that may revolve round them.

Blue and Yellow Suns

It is estimated that it takes 700 years for the smaller blue sun to go round the larger yellow one, which, when seen with higher powers of the telescope, proves to be itself a double star. The blue sun, therefore, revolves round a pair of suns, which revolve round each other, so that we have a wonderful state of things existing in this point of light.

This pair of suns may be surrounded by a multitude of worlds in addition to the blue sun, and in connection with this problem of possible worlds we may



Jupiter, Hydra's Head, and Procyon

recall the wonderful circumstances by which the worlds revolving round Sirius and Procyon were discovered.

These two brilliant stars can be seen to the south-west of Jupiter; Sirius, the brightest of all the stars being low in the south-west soon after dusk, while Procyon, nearer Jupiter, is shown on our map. We described these two great suns in our issues of January 10 and 17.

Now, the marvellous thing is that these worlds were known to exist many years before anyone saw them, thus recalling the discovery of Neptune.

Unseen World Found

In the case of Sirius, the astronomer Bessel, as early as 1834, predicted that Sirius had a companion. The reasons for his belief arose from the minute and exact measurements of astronomers, which showed that Sirius moved in a tiny oval orbit, appearing so exceedingly small because of our immense distance from Sirius—400,000 times farther than we are from our own sun. This movement was accounted for by a great unseen world attracting Sirius.

Then, in 1862, Alvan G. Clark, of Chicago, actually discovered this mysterious world, and thus it was seen for the first time after its existence had been known for 28 years.

The story of the unseen world circling round Procyon is very similar. Bessel said in 1844 that another body was accounting for the peculiar motion of Procyon, but it was not until 1896 that it was actually seen. Then it was found that a great and faintly luminous world, half as massive as our sun, was disturbing Procyon's course. G. F. M.

THE UNKNOWN TRAIL

A Tale of Terror and Adventure in the Sunless Depths of the Amazon Forest

Told by
Edward Wright

CHAPTER 19

Danger

THE heroic girl queen acted almost without thinking, using as a springboard the curving bough on which she stood. She leaped into the water by Ted's side, and blazed her electric light at the cayman.

Instead of awaiting an attack, she splashed forward with her feet and one hand, moving the electric light in quick, short jerks.

Ordinary caymans are not remarkable for courage. The shaking, blazing eye of the electric torch frightened them more than their chief enemy, the jaguar, would have done. Under the water they went, and every ripple they made on the surface was in a backward direction.

Joy flashed her torch on the other side, swam to the blow-pipe she had dropped, and helped Ted to get on the branch from which she had leaped.

Then up they clambered into the high trees, until Ted was so breathless with rapid climbing that he could not speak; and as soon as they gained a fork Joy put her hand over his mouth. He knew what she meant. If there were canoe-men on the waterway that had glimpsed the light, the chance of escape was small.

Joy seemed to lose the light-heartedness that had made her like a woodland spirit.

When they came to a moonlit space in the tree-tops, Ted saw that her face was strained and her eyes troubled.

Day came, but Joy allowed no time for sleep. She found fruit and drink for herself and her companion, and after a short rest continued her monkey-like manner of travelling.

Before they started Ted could not help disobeying her order for silence, and he whispered, in the stately Inca language, his gratitude and admiration.

In spite of her troubles, Joy laughed at him.

"You are late, my lord," she murmured, "in thanking me for saving your life. I expected thanks when we met by the cow-tree outside the forest."

"Did you find me in the prison—when I was dying?" said Ted. "I seemed to dream of you. Were you really there? And saving me?"

Joy made no reply, but the radiance came back to her eyes, and with a smile she asked for silence by the old motion of placing her hand on the boy's lips.

Refreshed in mind and body, the strange forest travellers toiled onward. Joy led Ted as high as possible for the double purpose of getting more light and escaping beasts of prey and searching foes.

There was a strange pleasantness amid all the dangerous labour. Little could be seen save a few big-billed toucans, gorgeous macaws, brilliant humming-birds, and other fruit-eating birds, and tree-frogs and spiders. Now a monkey snarled or a toucan yelped at the intruders, but all the forest seemed to sleep in the middle day.

The growth, however, was very dense, and the branches, while crowding together in a skiey jungle, thinned out and lengthened. Progress became impossible.

CHAPTER 20

A Lake Monster

THE girl and boy descended, but found it was even worse in the stifling under-gloom. Trunks went up side by side with no room for branching, and what little space remained was thickly curtained with the woody cables of lianas, strangling each other as well as the giant trees they bound.

"We can speak now," said Joy, when the adventurers clambered again towards the dim sunlight.

Though he had thickened the soles of his feet by working barefooted on the motor-boat, they began to ache with tree-climbing. Joy showed him that one of her feet was badly scratched, and both she and Ted were drowsy from the moist heat.

They rested and chatted about themselves, and Joy explained some of the art of woodmanship.

"I can smell an open space," she said. "As I come towards it the air feels better."

"Let us try to smell one out," said Ted.

A bat had fluttered in his face, and made him shudder. He yearned to glimpse sunshine again. Joy took him up to the middle region, where there was a glimmer of daylight falling on pale blossoms. After some hard going, Joy did seem to smell an open space, and the weary climbers came down in a break in the forest.

It was a half-dry lake, with banks of fern and grass, and turtles dozing in the mud. Ted managed to turn one over and kill it, and Joy, who had a flint-and-steel lighter among her travelling outfit, gathered moss and fuel and made a good fire. Over it she roasted part of the turtle in one of its shells, and gathered nuts and fruit. It was a good dinner.

Ted afterwards amused himself by cutting a spear and hardening the sharpened wood in the fire. Joy waded in the mud to bathe her wounded foot, and then stood throwing nuts in the dwindled lake.

Perhaps it was this that disturbed the horror, or perhaps the hidden thing could smell a new kind of victim.

When Joy saw the water ripple in front of her she thought there was a small alligator, and of such she had no fear. What she saw made her turn and run towards the fire, screaming:

"Help! Oh, help!"

The hideous head of an extraordinary anaconda emerged with a bellow. All the lake seemed to be churning as it screwed forward.

CHAPTER 21

Knack Against Strength

Joy could not race away, for the deep mud by the lakeside hindered her. She was utterly unarmed, and Ted was an arrow-shot away, bending over the fire.

By a breathless effort she reached a small palm-tree; but the infuriated serpent, still bellowing, was even quicker on land than in water. It whipped along in immense length, all its speckled skin making one glistening stream of colour in the speed of its movement.

It passed the girl. Instead of striking with its jaws, it curved and turned round her. Its tail gripped the palm-tree, and before Joy could escape she was encircled.

Manco it was who saved her, though he was far away and ignorant of her peril. In trial attacks on small anacondas he had taught Ted how to disable the water-boa.

Rushing to the rescue, the lad wasted no time by attacking the head of the serpent.

Joy was fixed in the coils that were beginning to tighten round her, and pain would have only made the huge reptile crush her at once to death. Ted darted to the palm-tree, and, hunting-knife in hand, he cut the serpent's spine in its tenderest, weakest spot—the tail.

Furiously the stricken thing writhed in billowing rolls, but, lacking all leverage at its tail end, it could not press its victim. She was knocked down by the anaconda's convulsive flings, but she

was not hurt, and quick as a monkey she sprang away.

Ted ran up and took her hand.

"Oh, my young lord," said Joy, half in laughter and half in tears, "our friendship is over."

"Why?" said Ted in astonishment.

"You are no longer my friend," said the girl queen. "You are my brother! You have saved my life; I have saved your life. Sister I am to you and brother you are to me, as shall be proclaimed when we reach the city."

Ted did not trouble his head over the future. He watched the last feeble writhings of the great serpent, and when the monster stiffened in death, he measured it out in paces, and reckoned it at nearly fifty feet in length. He and Joy then built three more fires, so as to make a square in which they could sleep.

CHAPTER 22

Night in the Forest

"HARK to the jaguars," said Joy as they were making another meal of turtle, fruit, and nuts.

"They can't hurt us," said Ted. He listened carelessly to the big

size of a rabbit fed on the grass, and finally all the harmless creatures seemed to vanish.

"They have come," said Ted, as he roused Joy.

With her keen, trained eyes, the girl could distinguish half a dozen big shadowy forms where Ted had only glimpsed one.

"They will not hurt us," said Joy calmly. "They smell the fire, and do not like it."

But there was one big brute who seemed to have some experience of fires. Instead of keeping on the farther side of the lake, he crept towards the unguarded space between the southernmost fires.

Ted and Joy took big burning sticks to make another blaze. Every time they came with burning wood the wild beast did not stir, but it moved forward when it saw the boy and girl going back to the big fire for more lighted fuel. In spite of their danger Ted and Joy might have won through, but the strange trouble was ended in an extraordinary way.

A rifle shot rang out from the southern fringe of the forest, and Ted could not help wincing. The bullet pinged by his head.



"They have come," said Ted, as he roused Joy

cats, but he cared nothing for the dangers around. Mosquitoes came in clouds in the clearing, but the boy and girl were protected by their fires and the stuff they had both been rubbed with. The most exciting and happiest day in their lives closed suddenly, as the tropic night fell like the fall of a curtain.

The white stars mirrored themselves in the lake, and the moon brightened over the wall of trees eastward. Ted kept awake in the square of fires, while Joy rested. After a hard day's work and a glorious meal, he was inclined to nod as he sat by the drowsy heat of the burning logs.

What startled him into wakefulness was a noise by the waterside.

The boy knew that the jaguars would come to the water in the night, and, as he did not want to be caught asleep, he made a round for himself, and fed the fires as he passed.

By the time the moon had climbed above the forest wall the lake had become a fascinating scene. Strange, gentle animals, like big guinea-pigs, rolled and played in the mud. Two or three small alligators, representing perhaps the largest item in the larder of the dead anaconda, attacked, but missed, the creatures in the mud. Smaller things of the

"That was a wide if meant for the jaguar!" he thought.

But it was not intended for the big cat.

"You've missed him, Bill," said a rough voice in English. "Look out for their dirty poison darts, while I get a sight on one of them."

Ted dropped on the grass, and, pulling Joy down beside him, crawled with her into the fern. He knew there were bands of merciless outcasts in parts of the forest. Apparently some had tracked them.

TO BE CONTINUED

NOTES AND QUERIES

What is the Stanhope Medal? The Stanhope Gold Medal is a medal awarded annually by the Royal Humane Society for the most gallant of all the rescues for which medals have been awarded during the year.

What is Betterment? Betterment is an increase in the value of property owing to local improvements.

What is a Coup d'État? Coup d'état is French for "a stroke of state," and means a sudden act of policy or statesmanship, often accompanied by violence.

Five-Minute Story

THE DANGER SIGNAL

"WHAT in the world," asked Jennie, "is that?" And she pointed to where, at the foot of the sloping down, the railway track wound its way round towards Silverton Station.

Nicky gave a yell as he started to race down towards that line.

The mass which lay huddled there right across the rails was a cow—a dead cow—and lying so that the express to London would be swinging round Dolbert's Corner and crashing into the unwieldy obstruction before the brakes could be applied.

"Run!" Nicky didn't know he shouted it aloud, but he did! And Jennie was alongside. She could run, could Jen. But as they stood panting there beside the cow's dead body, there was fear in their eyes.

The express—

"There's time," panted Nicky, "to reach the signal-box!"

He had hurled himself against the still warm body of the swollen beast, but it was in vain. It would need grown men and ropes to drag away that cow. So the boy ran, knowing there was no time to lose.

The signal-box was yonder, and the express came from the opposite direction.

A shrill whistle told of the train's approach. Jenny looked to where Nicky raced along the track. He would not be in time. The express was speeding towards the fatal corner. Jennie had her little blue serge skirt unhooked in a trice. She snatched it up in her hand, and ran towards the corner.

She was out of sight of the dead cow.

Before her—tearing towards her with a thunder of sound—came the London express.

Jennieswayed, but stood firm, both arms raised above her head as she waved her skirt aloft.

On came the train, a ravening monster.

Then there was a scraping of brakes and clanking of chains as, with desperate purpose, the driver of the train brought his iron steed to a standstill.

Was she mad? they wondered.

Ah, the signals were changed! Danger ahead!

Jennie, fainting, fell between the rails.

Men were running; they had reached her. One had paused to lift her up; others ran on.

They had seen, and understood. There lay the menace which would have wrecked the train as it swung all unprepared round the corner.

"It was you who saved the express, Jen!" cried Nicky as he knelt beside his sister. "I'd have been too late."

And he stood up, flushed and eager, the proudest there. For they were cheering his sister Jennie, who had saved the London express.

But it was Jennie who insisted on having Nicky beside her as they carried her home, shoulder high.

April 10, 1920

The Children's Newspaper

II



Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled

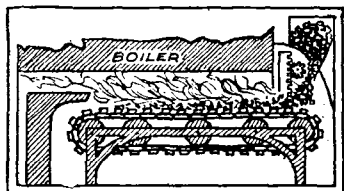


Dr. MERRYMAN

"I CANNOT imagine," said an elderly M.P., "why my whiskers should turn grey so much sooner than the hairs of my head."
"Oh!" replied a wag. "I suppose it's because you work so much harder with your jaws than with your brains."

PICTURES THAT ANSWER QUESTIONS

How Are Some Furnaces Stoked Mechanically?



Coal passes from a hopper on to a moving grate which works on the principle of the endless chain, and the fuel is thus carried into the furnace at a uniform rate.

Tongue-Twister

CAN you say the following sentence, which a hatter put up over his shop, six times quickly in succession?
"Of all the felts that ever I felt, I never felt a felt that felt like this felt."

THE squire of a country district was out walking one day when a friend met him.

"I'm surprised," said the friend, "to see you about in such an old and ragged overcoat."

"Well, what does it matter?" was the reply. "Everybody knows me about here."

A week later the friend met the squire in London wearing exactly the same old coat, and again remonstrated with him.

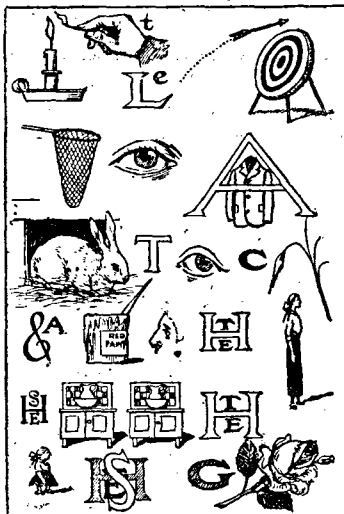
"Well, what does it matter?" said the squire. "Nobody knows me about here."

The Cheeky Boy

WHAT! Ten shillings a week! Why, boy, Where can your senses be? Why, when I first became a clerk, They paid me only three.

Holding the door ajar, he said, This boy of humble birth: "But when they paid you three, perhaps, 'Twas all that you were worth."

Puzzle Rhyme



Can you read this verse?

Solution next week

Is Your Name Dempster?

THIS name is really the word doomster, and one of your ancestors, no doubt, held the office of doomster: that is, the official who at a trial pronounced the doom, or sentence, upon a criminal.

What is Salt?

A BOY who was asked what salt was replied that it was the stuff that always made your dinner taste nasty when you did not have any.

THE Englishman and the Scot had been arguing again.

"You will at least admit that England is larger in extent than Scotland," said the Englishman, as a final shot.

"Decidedly not," replied the Scot. "You see, ours is a very mountainous country, while yours is fairly flat. If all our hills were rolled out flat we should beat you by hundreds of square miles."

Word Puzzle

MAKE one word of these letters: EDRONWO Answer next week

The Goose Buyer

B DROVE a splendid flock of geese, And met with Farmer A; Said Farmer A, "How much apiece

For this lot did you pay?" Said B, "I paid for all I drive Just six pounds and a crown, And I am selling all but five

At the next market town. If fifteen pence a head I charge Beyond the price I paid, I shall secure a sum as large

As he who sold all made." Answer next week

A Little French Made Easy



Le puits La poire La voûte

Le puits est dans la cour de la ferme
Tout le monde aime les poires
Pour entrer on passe sous la voûte



Un échali La tortue Le cadre

L'échali est facile à franchir
La tortue avance bien lentement
On mettra un tableau dans ce cadre

Do You Live in Somerset?

SOMERSET is the Sumor seat, that is, the seat or dwelling of the Sumor family. No doubt in ancient days there was such a family in the district, whose influence gradually extended until they gave their name to the county.

THE vicar met a farm labourer, and, after chatting for a few minutes, said:

"I was surprised to hear, Giles, that you had taken your boy away from the village school. Had you any objection to the teaching?"

"I should think I had!" replied the labourer. "That school is no good. Why, they taught him to spell taters with a p!"

Pleasant Sights

It is sweet to see the farmer
As he tramples on the tramp;
It is sweet to see the grocer
As he samples out his samp;
And the rustic rusket rustle
Of the leaflet on the twig
Is as soothing as the winglet
And the jiglet of the pig.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Fruit is This? Apricots

The Wonder Word

FIVE. Take FE away and IV remains; take FIE away and V remains.

A Picture-Lesson in Geography
The villages were Licky and Idle

Jacko Keeps Out of the Way

UNCLE TED came in one day in a fine state. The painters were in his house, and there wasn't a corner, he said, where he could sit in peace.

"It's bang! bang! bang! all day long," he declared. "Here am I with most important work to do, and not a minute's peace can I get!"

"Just you bring your writing round here," said Mother



Over went the tub, and down rushed the water

Jacko. "I'll light a fire in the spare room, and you can shut the door and you won't hear a sound."

"You're a kind-hearted body!" cried Uncle Ted gratefully.

And off he went to fetch his papers, while Mrs. Jacko bustled round for sticks and coal. She had that fire alight in two-twos.

"Now, mind you keep out of your Uncle's way," she said, turning to Jacko.

"Take a penny tram to Hampton Court Maze, and lose yourself," advised Brother Adolphus.

Jacko made a face at him and wandered out of the room. The dog ran after him.

"You're a pal, anyway," said Jacko. "But, my word! you are a tinker! Where have you been? You want a bath, old chap. By Jove! That's what I'll do—I'll give you one!"

He ran back into the kitchen whistling, and got out the tub. "What are you up to?" asked his mother.

"I'm only going to wash Pincher," said Jacko. "Well, you can't wash him in here. Take him into the garden."

Jacko picked up the tub, and carried it out. But he didn't go into the garden.

"Too cold out there," he said to himself; "the landing's the place." And upstairs he went.

It was a big, square landing, and as Jacko bumped the tub down in the middle of it, he could see the nice red fire blazing in the spare bedroom.

"Come on, Pincher," he called, and he caught hold of the dog and jerked him in.

But the water was hot and Jacko's hands were none too gentle, and Pincher objected. He struggled to get out, and Jacko struggled to keep him in, and between them the tub upset.

Out rushed the water—all over the landing carpet, into the spare room, down the stairs, and over the feet of Uncle himself, who had just come into the hall!

"Upon my word!" he exclaimed. "I never saw such a mess! I'd rather have the painters!" And he clapped his hat on his head again, and marched indignantly out of the house.

There Was an Old Man of Leghorn



THERE was an old man who sup-
posed

That the street door was partially
closed;

But some very large rats

Ate his coats and his hats,

While that futile old gentleman
dozed.

THERE was an old man of Leg-
horn,

The smallest that ever was
born;

But quickly snapt up he

Was once by a puppy,

Who devoured that old man of
Leghorn.

Who Was She?

A Martyr for Liberty

RATHER more than a century and a half ago, a little French girl of four used to sit reading for hours together.

Every kind of book seemed to appeal to her; she read the Bible and romances and biographies; but best of all she liked Plutarch's Lives.

From reading those ancient biographies she was, even as a child, an ardent republican, and later on she took a leading part in the French Revolution, finally dying for her opinions.

A remarkably accomplished woman, at 25 she married a manufacturer of Lyons, 20 years her senior, a reserved and rather severe man, and she devoted her whole talents and energies to his interests. The fame which he obtained was principally due to his clever wife.

When the French Revolution came the couple went to Paris, where the husband became Minister of the Interior. His talented wife took an active part in politics, and largely influenced the trend of affairs.

As soon as the Reign of Terror came, the massacres in the prisons were denounced by the minister and his brave, high-minded wife, and for that both were doomed. The husband fled, but the wife refused to leave her house in disguise.

"If they wish to assassinate me," she said, "it shall be in my own home."

She was arrested, and a remark of hers: "Today on a throne, tomorrow in a prison: such is the fate of Virtue in revolutionary times," became almost literally true. She had previously been tried for treason, but her brilliant defence secured her acquittal on the false charge.

Now, after being in prison for some time, she was released, but immediately re-arrested and sent to a more rigorous prison.

Then she was transferred to another prison, went through a mock trial, was condemned, and, with insults, sentenced to the guillotine. She was taken to the place of execution in company with an old man who trembled at the thought of death, and so that he might not be further unnerved by the sight of her execution she stood aside and allowed him to mount the guillotine first. Then, when her turn came, she looked at a statue of Liberty close by, and made the historic remark:

"Oh, Liberty! What crimes are committed in thy name." Her head fell, and her husband, hearing of her death, in grief took his own life. Here is her portrait. Who was she?

Last Week's Name—Pericles of Athens



The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

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MEN WHO FLEW THROUGH AFRICA · BATTLESHIP WHICH SINKS AND RISES



Blossom, the little Russian brown bear at the London Zoo, which has just been killed by its mother



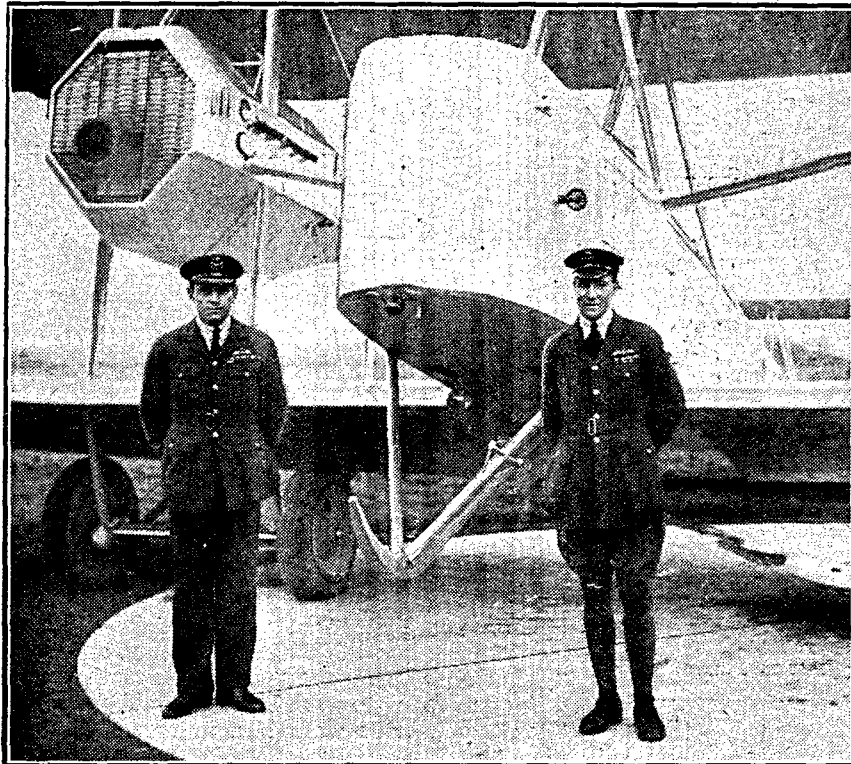
Settling the transport problem—A team of donkeys carting timber, at Plymouth. They were all used for Army work during the war, but have now been demobilised for peace work



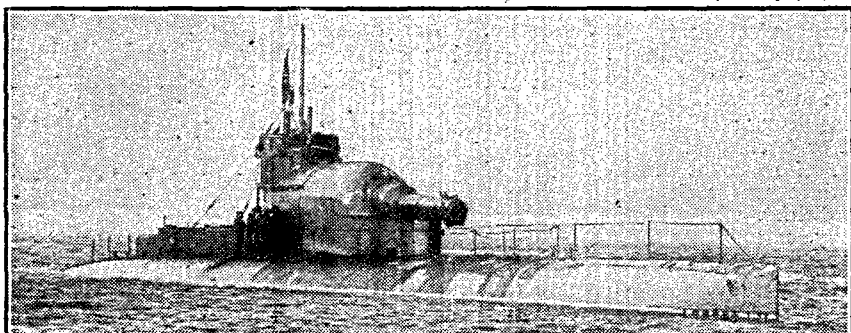
Joy-day in the park—The glorious spring sunshine has made this dog feel very happy



Edith Cavell in London—The striking monument to Nurse Cavell, which has just been unveiled near Trafalgar Square, London



The first men to fly from Cairo to the Cape—Colonel van Ryneveld and Major Brand, who have just completed the flight across Africa from North to South. They used three machines in succession, the first two having crashed. See page 3



A wonder of wonders—A British submarine battleship which has just gone successfully through its sea trials. It carries a monster 12-inch gun, capable of firing a shell weighing a third of a ton a distance of 14 miles



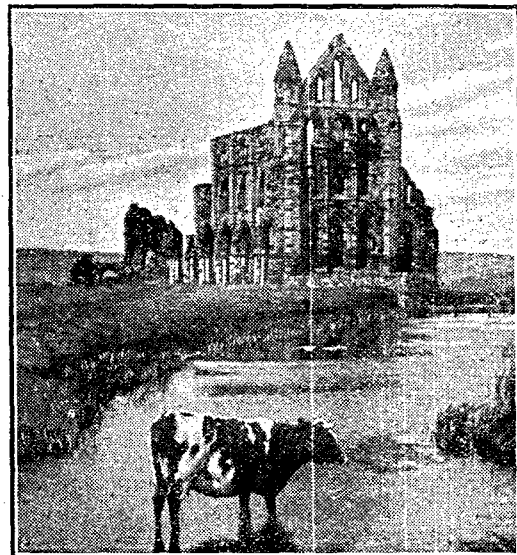
A pail full of chickens—These little birds hatched out in an incubator are being taken to a feathered foster mother



A lady's gift to the nation—Byland Abbey, Yorkshire, which has just been offered to the nation by its lady owner. It was formerly one of the richest monasteries in the country. See page 7



Solving the servant problem—A lady walking in the streets of London with her little child and a Chinese nursemaid in native costume. The Chinese, both men and women, make excellent servants. The Photograph of the Cavell Monument is by Bassano



A famous ruin—Like Byland, Whitby Abbey, also in Yorkshire, has been handed over to the nation by its owner. It was re-built by the Normans, and in 1914 was damaged by German shells. See page 7